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Stuart Cosgrove: stars, couch potatoes—and murder

Arthur's last stand

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SUCCESS TO-DAY – SUCCESS TO-MORROW?

'It is a great tribute to the UK pharmaceutical industry that it should be a world leader in producing innovative products whose result is to help alleviate human suffering.'

(Mr Kenneth Clarke, QC MP, the Secretary of State for Health, speaking at a London conference on 16 February 1990)

'I also pay tribute to it (the pharmaceutical industry) because it is a prime example of a British industrial success story. Several major companies based in the United Kingdom export to the world and have a research and development record second to none.'

(Mr John Redwood MP, Under Secretary of State at the Department of Trade and Industry, speaking in the House of Commons on 22 June 1990. Hansard Col 1280)

The Association of the British Pharmaceutical Industry welcomes these tributes from the Department of Health and the Department of Trade and Industry and urges them to further encourage the endeavours of one of Britain's most successful and innovative industries by supporting the European Commission proposals on Patent Term Restoration for Pharmaceuticals.

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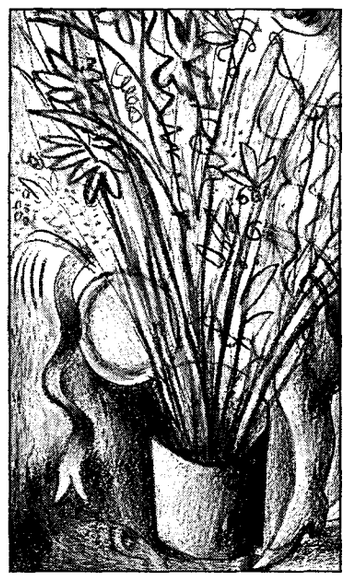

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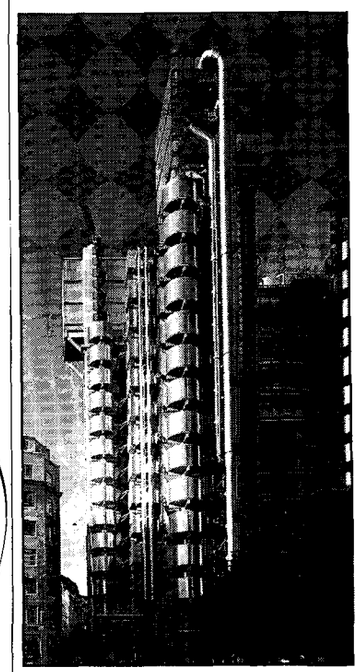

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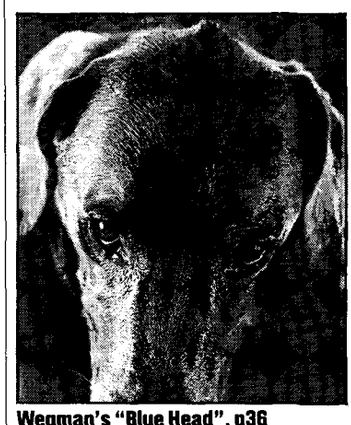

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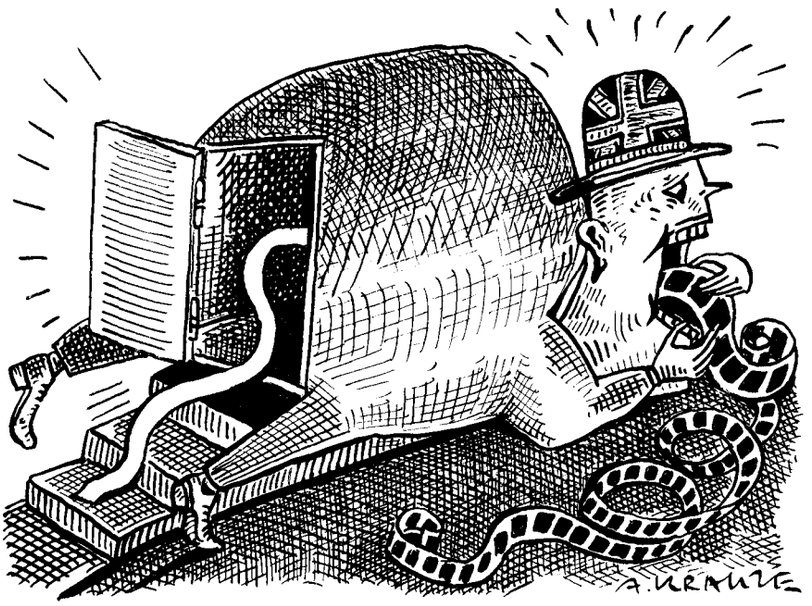
Cutting the tapes

A very British institution has banned the Rushdie video—unfortunately it's a very characteristic act



Those of us who oppose the Muslims on the matter of *The Satanic Verses* should stand shoulder to shoulder with them over the banning of the video of the Pakistani epic, *International Guerrillas*, a highly fanciful account of the life of Salman Rushdie. It has been refused a certificate by the British Board of Film Classification (née censors) on the grounds that it may be "criminally libellous". As none of us is allowed to see the video, it is difficult to comment on the exact nature of the libel. But a matter of general concern does arise: how and why a body such as BBFC, a very British institution, wields its power.

In 1942, Home Secretary Herbert Morrison called the board "a curious arrangement", and in recent years it has become curiouser and curiouser. It was established in 1912 by the industry itself as a way of reassuring local authorities (who were then using their power to censor films) that film companies would in future act responsibly in matters of morals and mores.

In spite of Lord Denning's famous remark that the BBFC "has no existence known to the law. It is but a name given to the activities of a few persons", it has in effect become the authorised censor for films in this country. Its position with regard to cinema derives simply from an understanding which it has reached with prosecuting authorities, local councils and the Home Office.

As the DPP admitted to the Select Committee on Obscenity in 1957, if he wishes to prosecute a film passed by the BBFC then "I shall have to put the British Board of Film Censors in the dock because they have aided and abetted the commission of that particular offence. As long as I rely on the judgment of the British Board of Film Censors as to the suitability, under the various categories, of films for public showing, which I do, I do not prosecute."

In the case of video, however, the board's links with the state are much more direct. In 1984 the BBFC was designated under the Video Recordings Act as the body charged with classifying, and where necessary censoring, all films available on video. As the BBFC explains in its guide to the implementation and practical consequences of the act, "the Board must seek to avoid classifying works which are obscene within the meaning of the Obscene Publications Acts... or which infringe other areas of the criminal law".

As if this does not give the board enough authority to ban *International Guerrillas*, in defence of its decision the board quotes a 1976 Court of Appeal ruling to the effect that "no licensing authority may give its consent to that which is unlawful". If any home secretary became dissatisfied with the way in which the BBFC was carrying out its functions in the area of video he could quite simply de-designate it as the classifying authority.

What this all amounts to is a censorship apparatus whose links with the state are strong but not immediately visible. It is also a system of "prior restraint" which refuses to allow the individual to "publish and be damned"—a situation which would simply not be permissible in a country such as the US. Thus Mohammed Fayyez, the distributor of *International Guerrillas*, cannot ply his trade and take his chance in the courts because the BBFC is afraid of prosecution, in exactly the same way that Channel 4 and Gambles-Milne Productions were prevented in 1985 from broadcasting the Cathy Massiter film *M15's Official Secrets* because of the timidity of the IBA in the face of the Official Secrets Act.

Unfortunately, in this situation nothing useful can be expected from the mainstream film and video industries. Film distributors and exhibitors are only too happy to submit to a system which seems to guarantee them immunity from prosecution and the vagaries of local authority censorship. Their video counterparts are so terrified of a resurgence of the "video nasty" affair, and so convinced that commercial success lies with the "family audience", that they are in fact happy to invent all sort of pettyfogging systems of self-censorship over and above the Video Recordings Act in order to keep their noses clean.

After the antics of certain of his colleagues over *The Satanic Verses* it's good to see the shadow arts minister, Mark Fisher, taking on the BBFC over *International Guerrillas*. It is profoundly to be hoped that any future government would abolish all mechanisms of prior restraint, and institute positive measures for the safeguarding and encouragement of freedom of expression. James Ferman of the BBFC has called the *International Guerrillas* judgment "the most difficult decision the Board has ever taken". With any luck it might one day be spared from having ever to take such a decision again.

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Service charges

The "peace dividend" has become part of the vocabulary of every political party anxious to lay claim to the economic benefits of cutting defence expenditure. So far it has remained a catchphrase, to be bandied about for political advantage. The Conservatives have been pressing the Ministry of Defence to produce short-term savings in time for a pre-election boom, while Labour is hoping that voters will understand that it is the party of peace without spelling out what it wants to cut.

The service chiefs erupted last month when defence minister Alan Clark suggested that £800 million could be lopped from the budget. But a new report, published this week by the independent research group Saferworld, suggests that the MOD's current "Options for Change" exercise is still far too cautious. *UK Defence Requirements (1990-2000)*, by Martin Chalmers, indicates that £60 billion could be saved over the next ten years, without even disposing of Britain's nuclear deterrent.

Saferworld's report is the first independent analysis of Britain's defence requirements. Chalmers says he has based his findings on "reasonable but conservative assumptions" about the political limits to defence cuts, despite his own unilateralist sympathies. In this scenario, the British Army on the Rhine would be reduced from 53,000 to 10,000 (which may sound drastic but is in line with thinking in the rest of Europe); the Navy would ditch some frigates and attack submarines; the RAF would withdraw its deep strike squadrons from Germany; and new projects like Challenger II tanks and European Fighter Aircraft would be scrapped.

These proposals for halving Britain's defence budget by the year 2000 are far from unrealistic. Chalmers has carefully allowed for a residual "Soviet threat", even though the USSR's former buffer states are likely to be allies, not enemies. The US Congress is already considering cutting its defence budget by 25 per cent in the next five years and a united Germany is set to slash the Bundeswehr. There's no reason why either Labour or the Conservatives shouldn't take on the service chiefs by adopting a similar strategy.

Uninterest rates

When the newspapers struggle to muster some interest in the appointment of a new arts minister, then it is clear that the summer reshuffle is sadly lacking in drama. Being Tory minister for the arts is rather like being Labour minister for privatisation. As David Mellor himself suggested in his first statement in post, the job seems to consist largely of going to the opera every week.

When matters get truly desperate, commentators resort to the Sherlock Holmes formula of the dog that didn't bark—the important thing being what *didn't* happen. But in this case what didn't happen—the result of Douglas Hogg refusing to move from the Department of Trade and Industry to the Treasury—was even duller than what did.

The *Independent* summed up the greyness in a headline that made "Small Earthquake in Chile" look like front-page material: "Thatcher maintains a careful balance between left and right in a reshuffle of the ministerial middle-rank." And even that was a bit of an exaggeration. Mrs Thatcher has always faced problems in appointing sympathetic ministers since her most ardent supporters take the form of protozoal slime whose energy is largely absorbed by the responsibility of providing instant quotes to tabloid newspapers.

Like so many of the prime minister's actions, her reshuffle was a pragmatic improvisation masked by the veneer of ideological bluff. The extent of the improvisation is shown by the fate of poor Francis Maude, now appointed Financial Secretary to the Treasury, whose last action in the Foreign Office is to arrive in China as a lame Peking duck.

The spectacle of Mrs Thatcher gradually replacing the ministers who agree with her by those who don't is certainly a singular one. The only rationale can be that she expects the slowness of the hand to deceive the eye.

Little Europe

At this year's Florence carnival, masked revellers romped through the streets beating up blacks and gypsies. It was a grim reminder that in most celebrations of European culture, George Orwell's brutal caveat still applies: "not counting niggers". A European parliament inquiry into racism, headed by Labour MEP Glyn Ford, has just released a depressing catalogue of thuggery, official bullying and far-right agitation in all Community states. None of the evidence, alas, will shock *NSS* readers, though there's much bizarre comedy in tales of the likes of the Irish pan-Celtic white supremacist party run by a sailor in Cork ("fewer than ten members when disbanded in 1988").

But the Ford committee also highlights the sheer bloody-minded obstruction which greets anti-discrimination moves by the parliament in the European Commission and council of ministers. (Vasso Papandreou, Our Lady of the Social Charter, emerges looking less than immaculate.) So money voted for the creation of a European migrants' council gets spent late and badly. Or equality policies come back from the ministers with their teeth drawn—specifically, the teeth that would protect "third country" citizens moving in and between EC states. As usual with the parliament's output, the facts come wrapped in Utopia-or-bust rhetoric worthy of Brent or Lambeth in their posing prime. Look behind the flannel, though, and you see Europe's famous "democratic deficit" revealed in lurid close-up.

Power corrupts

Electricity-generating stations don't come up for sale every day, so it's hard to say what their market price is. But as Frank Dobson, Labour's energy spokesperson, points out, if you wanted to build enough power stations to generate the equivalent of the Powergen conglomerate, it would cost you around £6.5 billion. Lord Hanson looks likely to pick up the company for the knock-down price of £1 billion. Because of tax allowances, the true cost to him will be about £750 million. A paper profit, then, of £5.75 billion. For that sort of money, Hanson could continue to bankroll the Conservative party at his current rate for the next 20,000 years. (Or, if he wanted, he could pick up the tab for the entire party for several centuries to come.)

Unfortunately, some people just won't play the game properly. Last week the Health and Safety Executive announced that it was to prosecute the five British companies digging the Channel Tunnel over the death of an employee, Gary Woodward (see *NSS* 15 June). Among the companies in the dock will be the Costain group (£15,000 to the Tories in 1988), Tarmac (£45,000) and Taylor Woodrow (£131,455—the highest donor of all). Expect ministerial pronouncements about the intolerable burdens on business of health and safety legislation, the need to slim down the HSE, and the benefits of voluntary self-regulation. Especially in the electricity industry.

It was not the most intelligent piece of news management. The day after the Institute for Fiscal Studies published a report showing that many poor people became poorer between 1979 and 1987 (and that the trickle-down theory of wealth distribution doesn't work) the government announced a 50 per cent hike in state payments to the royal family (and demonstrated that the trickle-up theory *does* work). The move is intended to do away with those embarrassing annual discussions of the civil list. By contrast, the embarrassing annual discussion of child benefit is best solved by scrapping the benefit altogether.

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POLITICAL COLUMN

National power

Militant again threatens to dirty Kinnock's image—the national party is determined it won't

On Friday 20 July, dozens of Labour constituency party activists crowded into a back room of a Liverpool pub to vote on measures to stave off the city's financial crisis. It was a sweltering night. Mike Carr, the 43-year-old MP for Bootle, stepped outside, feeling feverish. Hours later, he died of a heart attack.

Sarah Baxter

Mike Carr owed his seat not to the local party, but to Labour's national executive committee. I arrived in Liverpool the day after his death and met with Militant sympathisers in the bar of Croxteth's Labour Club. Stunned by the news, they promised to set aside political differences and support his family. But one party member of 20 years' standing swivelled on his bar stool, leaned over, and warned, "You tell the party, if they keep putting their puppets in, people round here will boycott the ballot box."

He was referring to Labour's long history of suspending constituencies, imposing candidates and expelling party members in Merseyside. This week, in a re-run of scenes from the Militant-dominated Derek Hatton era, the national leadership is embarking on another purge of the local party. The prospect of renewed by-election in Bootle has only added to Neil Kinnock's sense of urgency.

Walworth Road's plans were carefully laid in advance. The first sign that deviation from national policy would no longer be tolerated came in April when 15 "broad-left" councillors (a euphemism for Militant supporters and fellow-travellers) voted against implementing a £449 poll tax and were suspended by the NEC. Labour's organisation director, Joyce Gould, reopened her thick dossier on the city and when a further 14 councillors voted with the Liberal Democrats to prevent a £3 rent rise, she was soon ready with a barrage of recommendations. These included the wholesale suspension of Liverpool's district Labour party and the withdrawal of the whip from the 14 rebel councillors, who, with their 15 broad-left colleagues, would no longer be eligible for reselection. As one Walworth Road source gleefully put it, "They played into our hands and we'll finish them off."

The financial crisis in Liverpool is real enough. The district auditor warned councillors last week that he could be forced to take control of the city if urgent measures were not taken to reduce impending debt. But it is clear that the dispute between the local and national party is more political than financial.

Neil Kinnock's antipathy to a Militant-dominated Merseyside is such that he would rather see Liverpool's "progressive" Labour group (a catch-all designation for the council's new realists) stumble on with the support of the sheepish Liberal Democrats, than allow the broad left to influence policy. As a result, Liverpool's leader, Harry Rimmer, a caretaker figure, has found himself heading a minority administration of 33 Labour councillors.

Tony Jennings, the unofficial leader of the broad left, told me, "There's one word that this is about: accountability." Liverpool has become the battleground where the meaning of the word is being fought out. Labour's leaders are adamant: local parties have to bow to the wider democracy of the national party's interests and policy. To activists, however, conforming to Kinnock's "centralism" means reneging for the first time on the party's 1982 mantra: "No cuts in jobs and services. No rent increases. No rate rises to compensate for Tory cuts."

> *'Tell the party, if they keep putting their puppets in, people round here will boycott the ballot box'*

Despite Kinnock's famous tirade about a Labour council sending out redundancy notices by taxi, the council has actually stuck to this policy. Workers did not lose their jobs, after all, and rents have remained the same for eight years. And during this period, Labour succeeded in increasing its share of the vote, most recently in the May local elections. This has fuelled the conviction that Kinnock should adopt the left's strategy of fighting for "ordinary working-class people"—an oft-repeated Militant phrase —instead of persecuting the local party.

The national leadership, however, is shrewd enough to realise that Liverpool's votes are already in the bag, while the marginals of the south and Midlands have yet to be won. Moreover, while the broad left undoubtedly enjoys the support of most active party members, critics claim that "professional headbangers" have driven out moderate Labour supporters. In Joyce Gould's dossier are dozens of allegations of verbal and physical intimidation of opponents. One councillor, Keith Cannon, was allegedly head-butted at a meeting, while one of Gould's own emissaries was spat on and kicked.

Liverpool's district Labour party is of the kind that insists councillors are strictly mandated to carry out its policies. Free votes are only permitted on "matters of conscience" like abortion and boxing. As suspended broad-left councillor Lesley Mahmood explained to me, "The discipline and unity of the left comes from the fact that we as individuals don't determine policy. The district Labour party decides."

Until now, councillors have sustained its policy of high spending by a phenomenal level of borrowing, mostly from Swiss and Japanese banks, and by selling off vast tracts of council land. But today, the interest repayments are devouring resources and there are few capital assets left to flog. Whether some of these were disposed of in democratic fashion has also become the subject of a major fraud-squad inquiry.

The suggestion that up to five or six members of the broad left, as well as former Militant councillors, could be prosecuted over former land sales is seen as an unjustifiable slur on the integrity of every Merseyside left-winger. "It's a nonsense, a red herring," I was frequently told. There are also mutterings that the *Sunday Times*, which first published the allegations, will be sued. But it should come as no surprise that Neil Kinnock is moving against potential miscreants before the courts have a chance to get to them.

The real problem for the national party remains the same as in 1985. Then, as now, the district Labour party was suspended and a determined effort was made to wrest constituencies from Militant domination. It worked, for a while, until the "normal" party members beloved of Walworth Road drifted away. The national party believes that Militant, cornered in its Merseyside birthplace, has "come home to die" and that it can now decide who will represent Liverpool. With it, however, dies the district party and Kinnock is likely to find that his powers do not extend to generating a new breed of local activists in his party's national image.

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TAKING LIBERTIES

Jolyon Jenkins

I don't want to carry an identity card; I don't suppose you do; Liberty (the NCCL) is thoroughly opposed to the idea; the police are lukewarm; and the Home Office doesn't care much either way. Only one body refuses to join in this wholesome apathy, and that is the Commons home affairs select committee. In its report, *Practical Police Co-operation in the European Community*, published on Wednesday, it claims that "the debate about identity cards has been too negative. Those like us who believe in cards need to be more bullish about their advantages."

In its bullishness, the committee generates plenty of a bull's most celebrated product. The police recognise that cards could "impair their relations with young people and ethnic minorities"; but the committee knows better: cards would *help* such people, because they are more often called on to prove their identity.

It's this aspect of the report, I imagine, which will attract the damning *Guardian* editorial. But the committee, including Labour members Keith Vaz and Gerry Bermingham, seems to think the Home Office and police are hopelessly wet in other policy areas too. There has, for example, been endless discussion about the merits of an FBI-style National Criminal Intelligence Unit. The committee thinks the time has come to stop talking and start *doing* something. And it wants English police to have yet another power—to be able to detain people without arrest, to verify their names and addresses. So much for select committees as parliamentary brakes on executive excess.

But this is the small change of the committee's thinking. It mostly wants more co-operation among European police forces. It sees the TREVI group—where EC interior ministers meet to discuss security—as being the linchpin here. (The name is an acronym for the things ministers oppose: Terrorism, Radicalism—yes, indeed—Extremism, and Violence.)

Because of the fiction that TREVI has nothing to do with the EC, it's a democratic black hole. It meets in secret. Its deliberations aren't subject to scrutiny by the EC parliament. Yet it's becoming increasingly important. Last month it agreed an action programme covering a whole range of civil liberties issues, including the setting-up of a "common information system designed to collect data and descriptions of persons and objects". Far from being alarmed about this sort of thing, the Commons committee wants to see TREVI beefed up. Any lack of democracy, it says, "should be addressed in national parliaments". Specifically, it has in mind that "an oral statement to parliament should normally follow every TREVI meeting".

Moves towards greater pan-European policing and security are likely to start with TREVI. I fear we need rather more accountability than the occasional oral statement in the Commons. It may be hard to believe, but British policing is still considerably more democratic than that of most of our European neighbours. The prospect of, say, the Italian way with football fans becoming the norm is not appealing. As the man said, I'm not against giving up sovereignty, but not to this lot.

Multi-national policing is no idle dream. Only last week the director of the FBI, in a little-reported speech, announced that he was "looking for appropriate ways to cooperate with the law enforcement agencies of former eastern bloc countries". It's later than you think.

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DIARY

Sean French

However low the standing of the late American president, Lyndon Baines Johnson, may sink, I'll always value him as the most effective coiner of sayings of any recent major political figure. (Some readers may be distressed by their Texas scatology, but I greatly prefer that to our own prime minister's Grantham eschatology.)

LBJ's explanation for his confirmation of the positively psychopathic J Edgar Hoover as director of the FBI for life was characteristically vivid: "I'd rather have him inside the tent pissing out than outside the tent pissing in." He had several choice phrases for abusing the then future president, Gerald R Ford, one of the more brutal being that he had played football too many times without a helmet. (Another was that he was so stupid he couldn't walk down the street and fart at the same time, another was that he couldn't tip shit out of a boot if the instructions were written on the heel.)

I mention all this because another of his sayings has recently come into my mind, his wise admonition, "Don't get into a pissing contest with a polecat." (The point being, for the benefit of non-naturalists, that pissing is a polecat speciality.) I have always tried to follow this advice but I only fully appreciated its wisdom the other day whan I chaired a supposed debate between Ted Honderich and Roger Scruton on the nature of Conservatism. (The occasion was the publication of Honderich's book on the subject, called, surprisingly, *Conservatism*.)

The odd thing about Scruton is that he is a right winger who looks and sounds like a left winger. With his granny glasses, his tousled hair, his grammar-school accent, he seems like the quintessential socialist lecturer. But, like Enoch Powell, he speaks on behalf of a near-mystical, organic, tradition-bound Conservatism which would, if interpreted with Scrutonian severity, exclude himself.

I had previously supposed it impossible for anyone to be ruder or more offensive in debate than Scruton. I once saw him on television deriding the tinpot constitutions of Britain's fellow EC states before a collection of distinguished European conservative commentators who seemed unable to believe their ears. I have read observations on homosexuality (in the *Sunday Telegraph*) that displayed a shaming lack both of human understanding and of straightforward accuracy.

But when it comes to putting the polemical boot in, Ted Honderich makes Scruton look one of the woolly liberals that they both despise so much. After the debate Honderich asked me if there was anything in politics that I felt passionate about. I'm not convinced that passion is necessarily a political virtue and I would certainly find it difficult to muster the aggressive intellectual contempt that Honderich displays in such abundance.

Honderich's book is a wonderfully enjoyable piece of slapstick polemic that treats Conservativism as an intellectually null philosophy masking greed and self-interest. The conclusion of his book has a ringing abusiveness that has almost vanished from respectable political debate: "The conclusion to which we have come is not that Conservatives are selfish. It is that they are nothing else. Their selfishness is the rationale of their politics and they have no other rationale. They stand without the support, the legitimation, of any recognisably moral principle. It is in this that they are distinguished fundamentally from those who are opposed to them."

Scruton he treated not so much as an ideological foe, more like a cross between a bemused pupil and a con-man, the one requiring remedial instruction, the other demanding exposure as a civic duty.

The result was startlingly bad tempered and enjoyable, I suspect, only to partisans of the more extreme, and illegal, bloodsports. In fact, I believe I saw a pit bull terrier being led out weeping after one of the debate's more contentious moments.

The debate had its good moments. I put to Scruton Honderich's contention that he (Scruton) was the "unthinking man's thinking man" and Scruton replied that he would accept that if Honderich would admit to being the thinking man's unthinking man.

And one questioner from the floor addressed the two as "Ted and Rog" which suggested a wonderful picture of the two becoming a duo, "The Pissing Polecats", perhaps, going round the halls for ever like Morecambe and Wise or Cannon and Ball.

It's an intriguing idea, but they had better find another straight man.

People may imagine that it is depressing to return from holiday and discover, as I have, that the weather has been far hotter in Britain. This is far from the truth, however.

I have that peculiar skin that never tans, whatever the sun it is subjected to. Instead it goes red, freckles and probably develops the skin cancer to which it is alleged to be especially liable.

As a result, nobody has ever said on meeting me, "You must have been on holiday." However, now, if I'm in luck, people may suspect that my characteristic pallor is of such lily-whiteness that it could only have been maintained in the current British heat wave by going on holiday to somewhere where the weather was worse: "Where *did* you get that lack of a tan? You must have been on holiday." All right, it's definitely second best but better than nothing.

I write these columns on the cheapest word processor money can buy and I open a file (as we computer buffs call it) each week and give it a number. This week is number 100, signifying my centenary of articles for *NSS*. I had planned to write an article commemorating the event, perhaps looking back on what I had written or looking forward in some reflective manner.

Fortunately for readers who are already groaning at that prospect, I realised while preparing to write this article that I had once written a fortnight's worth of columns while out of town and away from my Amstrad. Thus what appeared to be my 100th column was really my 102nd.

An experience of a similar kind happened to William Wordsworth when he was crossing the Alps. As he writes in *The Prelude*, he was anticipating the great event and then discovered that he had already crossed them without realising it. The result for Wordsworth was an extraordinary imaginative revelation on the elusiveness of poetic experience, but for me it simply left a rather irritating hole in my schedule. Still, only 98 to go before I can get it right.

ROGER WODDIS

Butcher and Baker

"Every week hundreds of Cambodian civilians are killed or lose limbs. If the result is a Pol Pot victory, it will be Washington's as well."—Ben Kiernan, associate professor of history at Yale University

They breed ungodly men at Yale
Who must disgust their Maker:
They think Pol Pot beyond the pale,
And worship not James Baker.

The conscience that can sleep o'nights
Reveals the true believer.
The baker talks of human rights,
And whets the butcher's cleaver.

While "feelers" turn towards Phnom Penh,
It's no damn good relying
Upon Prime Minister Hun Sen:
The guy is not for buying.

The Khmer Rouge, so we must believe,
Is relatively harmless,
Which calms the dead and should relieve
The children who are armless.

Cambodia begged the USA
In years gone by to bomb it;
The task confronting us today
Is trying not to vomit.

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IT'S NOT ONLY IN RUMANIA THAT YOU'LL FIND CHILDREN SUFFERING FROM AIDS

At Mildmay Mission Hospital
in London's East End
we already care for men, women, and children
(often whole families) affected by AIDS.
We care for them.

Our Christian doctors, nurses, counsellors, therapists
and resident chaplain have one aim in common:
to improve the patient's quality of life.
Medically. Emotionally. Socially. Spiritually.
But that's not all...

Mildmay plans to open an additional unit
– exclusively for mothers and children with AIDS –
because, sadly, the numbers are increasing

We need to raise £500,000 to advance this work
Please give whatever you can *(for the children's sake)*

To **AIDS APPEAL,** Mildmay Mission Hospital,
FREEPOST, London E2 7BR *(no stamp needed)*

Please accept my donation of £5 ☐ £10 ☐ £25 ☐ £50 ☐ £100 ☐
other £_____(cheques payable to Mildmay Mission Hospital)
and send me further information on Mildmay's work. (Thank you)

SURNAME (Mr./Mrs./Ms./Miss)_____ FIRST NAME_____
BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE

ADDRESS_____

_____

_____ POST CODE_____

Mildmay is an independent Christian charitable hospital containing Europe's first AIDS hospice and continuing care unit – including family suite – plus day centre and homecare and another specialist unit for young disabled people. Mildmay charges no fees to patients and relies heavily on voluntary donations.

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Arthur's last stand

Accusations against Scargill were rife in 1985. R W Johnson asks why it has taken the NUM five years to challenge him—and what this says about unions and democracy

In late 1987 I wrote a review of Hilary Wainwright's *Labour: A Tale of Two Parties* for the *London Review of Books* in which I took her to task for her somewhat uncritical (I felt) view that the miners' strike had been a great missed opportunity for socialism. Out of this developed a fairly predictable correspondence in the course of which I contrasted unfavourably the terrible suffering of the miners and their families with the way Arthur Scargill had come out of the strike no whit the poorer. Ms Wainwright wrote back doughtily in Scargill's defence, which led me to raise such matters as Scargill's unusually well provided housing situation, and the matter of what on earth had happened to the money contributed by Soviet miners during the strike.

The fact was, of course, that questions of this sort were already being discussed in furious tones in certain sections of the NUM. It was known that the Soviet miners had contributed a great deal of money and the money had been traced as far as the French Confédération Générale de Travail, but there the trail ran out. What was quite certain was that the money had never got to England and that, when questioned about this fact, Soviet miners' leaders were utterly thunderstruck. Something, somewhere smelt very bad.

None of this came as a complete surprise. When the strike broke out I was thoroughly alienated by the refusal of the NUM leadership to allow a national strike ballot. Accordingly, I did not contribute to the strike fund. As the strike wore on, however, and the suffering of the miners' families became more and more acute I realised I would have to give something.

At this stage I had to face the question of whether I really trusted the NUM leadership with cash. The answer to this was pretty obvious. If you couldn't trust these men to respect the elementary rules of democracy even where their own members were concerned, how could you trust them with anything at all? So I went to my local supermarket, bought £60 of tinned goods and wheeled the trolley over to the local miners' representatives.

The thing I remember best was that when I explained that I was doing this because I so distrusted the NUM leaders, no miner attempted to defend them. Perhaps this was because they didn't want to argue with someone bearing gifts, but I didn't get the feeling they trusted their leaders too much either.

The memory of that meeting lingered with me. It could not but make one very angry to have to lay such an overcoat of cynicism on top of one's compassion. This was the major reason why I took such a bold line in print in early 1988. I knew the *LRB* was hardly required reading in the miners' lodges, but I also knew that such tough talk would be noticed in the relevant quarter. Apparently it was: via the grapevine I heard that the NUM executive had discussed my letters to the *LRB* and finally decided—on Scargill's recommendation, I was told—not to sue me on the grounds that the *LRB* was not a mass circulation paper and that to sue would merely attract attention to the questions of Scargill's housing provision and the missing Soviet funds.

When the *Daily Mirror* and ITV took up the issue more than two years later, I felt a curious mixture of emotions: on the one hand a relief that everything I had said had now been repeated with many extra details and that Scargill had again failed to sue; on the other hand a sort of disgust that the press had let such a hot story cool for so long after it was handed to them on a plate.

But if the story about the NUM executive having discussed what I had written in January-February 1988 is true, then I also wonder why on earth it is that only in July 1990 are they getting around to suing Scargill and Peter Heathfield for "their" money. Indeed, there is no need to make anything I wrote too important in this. Quite clearly these questions were in the mind of many NUM members as long ago as 1985; so why the five-year gap in such an inquiry, a gap during which many remarkable transactions continued to take place in both the NUM and the funds of the International Miners' Organisation? The answer can only be that the executive hoped that these troublesome matters would go away if ignored. So ignore them they did, until ITV and the *Mirror* made this impossible by causing more and more NUM members to demand some answers.

Mr Scargill, of course, is trying very hard not to give any answers—the Lightman Report contains some devastating prose about his obstructiveness. He is, to that extent, attempting to defeat his own members' demands for democratic accountability, just as he denied them a vote over the strike and just as his various "reforms" of the NUM's structure have centralised power within the union. Similarly, as soon as the government decided to make elections mandatory for all voting members of union executives, Scargill decided to become a non-voting member. Whereupon the government changed tack in order to force

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Homer Sykes/Network

Arthur Scargill argues with police before arrest during the Grunwick dispute

the horror of re-election upon him, a re-election he would undoubtedly have lost save for the recession of the Nottinghamshire miners into the UDM.

When you look at the record you realise that the famous characterisation of the NUM as "lions led by donkeys" was unfair to donkeys. Yet, even now, the union's executive is only suing Scargill because it was threatened with legal action if it didn't.

How to understand the present carry-on? The IMO's style is familiar: the little office in Bobigny, Paris, in the heart of the old Red Belt, staffed by a single official who is not there to answer questions, tolerates no auditors—it's classical Comintern stuff. And of course, in the middle of the year-long miners' struggle, what more natural than for Soviet miners, through great self-sacrifice, to raise a huge sum and then insist that none of this should go to the striking miners but should go instead to bolster the IMO's unpublished accounts? Pure Monty Python. Then we have Arthur himself, cheeky-chappie, northern comedian and Yorkshire socialist boyo—but also a definite hint of Peter Sellers. Last Saturday's airport fiasco was vintage Ealing Studios stuff, with Arthur as the master of incompetent disguise, hiding behind a false name and dark glasses only to be forced to re-buy his air ticket due to the elementary blunder of having ticket and passport in different names. It's almost Clouseau. There is a serious side to this: was Arthur trying to hide from his own union executive?

There are broader lessons to be drawn. Less than 15 years ago the trade unions stood at the peak of their power and influence: the downhill run from there has been long and fast and it has been littered with avoidable disasters—Grunwick, the winter of discontent, a catastrophic steel strike, Wapping, the miners' strike, the split in the NUM and the expulsion of Eric Hammond's EEPTU—the list could go on and on. All of these disasters were due to failures of democracy either in an intra-union sense or in the wider sense of refusing to take sufficient account of public opinion and goodwill.

One telltale result is that while each of these events drew strong and instinctual support at the time, nowadays many people would feel embarrassed by the memory of that support. Alan Fisher, then head of NUPE, defended the winter of discontent on the grounds that no Tory government could conceivably be worse than the Callaghan government.

Does anyone feel that now? Does anyone think it was a good thing to have tried to use violent mass picketing against those of Shah's workers who freely chose not to join a union? Does anyone want to go back to the pre-Wapping age of newspaper printing? Who would now defend Scargill's refusal to ballot his members over the strike? And who would now blame the Nottinghamshire miners for having so distrusted Scargill?

One can go further. Does anyone now think the labour movement was right to protest against the institution of strike ballots or the need for union executives to face re-election?

The trade union movement has suffered appallingly under Thatcher. The prohibition of trade union rights at GCHQ is a symbol of a wider wound. Overall, our civil liberties in the matter of collective organisation and action are now probably inferior to every other EC country. The gains of generations have been lost in a decade and the result is real unfairness, real exploitation and a loss in rights and welfare which damages the whole society. But over the years the unions prepared the ground for Thatcher by a cynical disregard for public opinion and by their toleration, even their defence of, all manner of undemocratic practices in their midst. In many cases such practices were defended with a knowing wink, as if this were something anyone would get away with if they could. But in the end the price of such sleazy behaviour has been terribly high.

Over the years the unions prepared the ground for Thatcher with a cynical disregard for public opinion

Indeed, the political credit of the unions is still so low that Labour cannot afford to talk too loudly about "restoring trade union rights". In the nostrils of the electorate such talk immediately brings the whiff of corrupt backstairs deals with self-serving union oligarchs. It would be far better for Labour merely to promise to harmonise our labour laws whith those of the EC. That is to say, the point has now been reached where Labour cannot speak directly for its traditional bedrock constituency without doing itself political harm. One helluva situation—but it's true.

The only way back into public favour for the unions is for them to make themselves the champions of libertarianism. In truth, the TUC already supports most of the right things—though support, for example, for Charter 88 would do wonders for its image. But the main lesson to be learned is that never again should the unions need to be dragged towards democracy—they should be leading the way. The first indication of how far this lesson has been learned will be seen in how the movement reacts to the case of Arthur Scargill. ●

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This town ain't big enough...

Knee-capping did not deter criminals so the IRA now runs them out of town. Malachi O'Doherty on policing of nationalist areas of Northern Ireland

It's dangerous to be a plain old-fashioned crook in West Belfast. In early January an undercover army patrol spotted a robbery in a bookie's on the Falls Road. The soldiers crept up to the getaway car and shot the driver. Then they waited for the others to come out and shot them too. The robbers were carrying replica guns.

The IRA hasn't shown such criminals any more sympathy. It said Jimmy Campbell was a hood and gunned him down, firing repeatedly into his body, while he was playing at a gaming machine in the Pound Looney Club in Conway Street. But later the IRA claimed he wasn't shot simply for being a hood. According to a spokesman he posed a risk to the organisation itself. Campbell was an ex-IRA man and knew that the unofficial policy of the police was to turn hoods into spies by offering to drop charges. The IRA simply couldn't afford to take the chance that Campbell might be pressured by the police.

Putting a stop to the police's counterinsurgency measures is one reason the IRA gives for declaring war on the hoods—the main reason, though, is it says that the locals wants it to act as a crime-fighting service. The IRA has obliged by knee-capping hundreds of hoods and suspected hoods.

So who'd be a plain ordinary criminal in a town like this? The answer is lots of kids on the Falls Road who can see the money that can be made by a joyrider with initiative. Phil McCullough is one of those who would steal cars just to sell the hubcaps and often end up selling the whole car for £20. It was compulsive, high-risk fun. "Cars I was in were hit with bullets, rammed by peeler jeeps, shot at."

Neither the law nor the threats and beatings of the IRA had stopped his criminal career. He knew he'd be knee-capped in the end, but he didn't quite believe it. "I was lying on my stomach, the leg was lifted and I heard a bang and that was really it, like. I didn't feel the rest of the bullets. The shock of the first one knocked me out, not unconscious, but I felt very dizzy, like. Very sick."

The plan was to shoot him in the knees and ankles. But the first shot went into one of his knees, ricocheted down through his shin bone, and lodged in his ankle. Then he was shot in that ankle again. The result was very messy and he is now lame for life.

Phil McCullough's father, also called Phil, a member of Sinn Fein, thinks that the IRA's handling of his son was better than his own attempts to control him. "He was shitting on his community," he says. "I tried to beat it out of him. I sat him down and we talked about it, and he seemed to listen. But it had no effect. He knows it was the republican movement that shot him. He knows I accepted that he deserved to be punished." It was just accidental, though tragic, that the shooting went wrong. Nobody is to be blamed for that.

He says that he and his son have talked about the shooting, are friends now, and drink together about once a week and get on well. Young Phil has a different story. He says he has never talked about the shooting and that the people who did it are "bastards". "What right have they?"

The IRA would say it derives its right from people like Phil's own father and the hundreds of other people who clearly want it to deal with the hoods. Such people don't believe that the police or anyone else have a real will to do the job. In Belfast's nationalist areas, if your house is burgled or your car is stolen it is a matter of custom now to seek out someone like Alex Maskey, a Sinn Fein councillor, and ask him to put things right. "It's irrelevant to talk about how the complaint reaches the IRA. I'm not saying it goes through me." He doesn't say that it doesn't.

"Throughout the week I'll get numerous complaints," says Maskey, "the majority of which I end up ignoring. I say, what am I supposed to do with that? I can't tell people how to live their lives, and I'm not going to tell people how to be good neighbours." He thinks that the IRA has allowed the community to become too dependent on it, and he has strong moral views on dependence.

He dislikes a favourite tendency of Irish men to take pride in knowing a man who knows a man who can get things done. This is most often seen in times of crisis, after a burglary or the theft of a car or a mugging. There is always someone on hand to suggest that the best thing to do is get on to the IRA.

According to Maskey, the IRA is the group that has the moral courage to face the fact that crime is a problem that won't go away and won't be solved by the police. Someone has to do the dirty work, he says.

Frequently now, the IRA simply orders hoods out of the country, not out of a squeamishness about shooting them, but because it is more effective. And less dangerous to the organisation. A knee-capping can be as dangerous an operation as planting a bomb. Northern Ireland's nationalist areas are now effectively exporting their undesirables along established escape routes. Informers and hoods who need to get out can go to Father Denis Faul of Dungannon, Jimmy McCorry of Youthlink on the Falls Road, or they can go to

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the Peace People, and from these they can get a ticket to London and sometimes the address of a safe house where they can lie low. In the past year, over a hundred men in Belfast alone have received IRA "exclusion orders", the term more often used for an order barring IRA suspects from living on the British mainland. The elder Phil McCullough thinks that it actually hurts more than knee-capping does. "When you get a young lad of eighteen who's been mollycoddled, who's never washed a pair of socks in his life and he's dumped into a hostel in London, within a couple of weeks he's phoning, please, please can I come back, I'll not do it again."

After such a plea, the IRA people handling his case will sit like a parole board and discuss whether he's learned his lesson. They give him a reprieve if they're convinced he has.

Des Hatton from Portadown is one of those served with such an "exclusion order". He was given three days to go and he went. He knew what a knee-capping was like. He'd been with his friend Colin McGeown when he was "knee-capped in the stomach" the week before. McGeown and a third man were also ordered out on the same day.

Ann Hatton, who admits her son was no angel—he was sentenced to six months for rioting two years ago—says her son's wild streak then served the IRA's own purposes. "Those boys got to thinking that they could get away with anything. No one tried to teach them any different," she says. The irony is that the disorder the IRA once licensed, it now needs to police.

When hoods are ordered out, Father Faul often suggests that they should lie low in another part of town, preferably a protestant area or a mixed area. Usually they are too afraid to do this. "They don't realise that the IRA only rules an area like Turf Lodge for about two hours a night," he says. The reality is that many young people in the Falls or Andersonstown have rarely been away from home. Ballymena or Antrim are as strange to them as Aberdeen or Rugby.

Faul sometimes gets them temporary shelter in monasteries, but he has lost friends by doing that. He is dealing with "bad lads" and they don't always enhance the image of a religious institution when they get up to their antics. Some of those he has sent to England have ended up in jail in just a few weeks. Two recent arrivals snatched a woman's handbag and were caught. "They never write back. You never hear any thanks from them or get money repaid. One man took £630 off me and went to New York. He had a good holiday, then he came back, cleared himself with the IRA and he has a good job now. His wife got money after an accident but none of it came to me, to repay me.

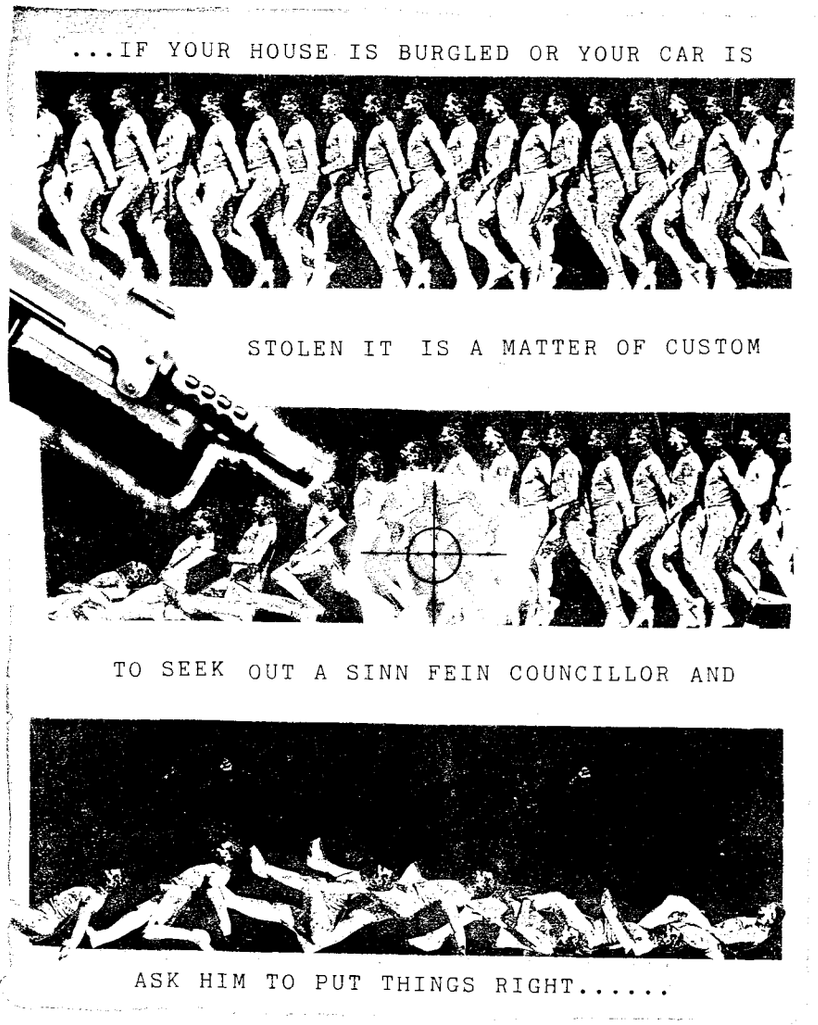
Father Faul is coy about his efforts to establish a permanent safe house just south of the border because he doesn't want to alarm people with the news that they are to have the hoods of Belfast for neighbours. Wherever they have gone in the past they have brought him trouble. He calls it "a delicate old business".

It's an even more sensitive business trying to cope with the hoods on their home ground. That's what Jim McCorry does. He runs a project called Youthlink to try and wean young people away from crime, largely through working on old cars. He believes that the one thing that we should learn from west Belfast is that no amount of terrorising of criminals or of policing their streets can actually deter them.

"If I thought that giving a kid a kick in the ass or locking him up for a period of time would change his behaviour, that would be great. I know, by and large, it doesn't work." Sinn Fein accepts that too. It knows that some hoods never change their ways, no matter how you punish them. That's precisely why it now prefers simply to order them out of the country and let others suffer them.

Phil McCullough, on the other hand, thinks punishment did work for his son: he has changed his ways and is a quieter, better person, says his father.

The extent to which Phil McCullough speaks for the community has been challenged by the Faith and Justice Group in Portadown, from where Des Hatton and the others were expelled. The group canvassed half the homes in the Drumcree housing estate where the expelled boys lived. They asked the people if they thought this was a reasonable way for the IRA to cope with crime, by shooting young people in the legs or ordering them out of the country.


...IF YOUR HOUSE IS BURGLED OR YOUR CAR IS
STOLEN IT IS A MATTER OF CUSTOM
TO SEEK OUT A SINN FEIN COUNCILLOR AND
ASK HIM TO PUT THINGS RIGHT.....

In an area where a substantial number of people would have supported the IRA and had little faith in the police, nearly everyone who was asked condemned the IRA methods. This was news to the local Sinn Fein branch, which is very sceptical of the results. But it now says that it is considering the Faith and Justice Group findings and will put new proposals for dealing with crime in the area to a public meeting.

Those proposals can't realistically be expected to include co-operation with the RUC. The Faith and Justice Group itself knows that many of those who voted against IRA punishments would be equally averse to having the police come into their areas. According to Alex Maskey, "Some people don't have any confidence in the police because they are using crime as a direct counterinsurgency measure." He claims that crime is actually licensed by the police—it exhausts the community and ties up IRA resources. In ten years the IRA may have time for nothing else other than policing the community.

Whatever the truth of the various accusations and counter-accusations, areas such as west Belfast amd Portadown are now the forum for a debate about corporal and capital punishment. Those who favour it find it carried out in their own streets and back alleys, not behind a prison wall. Here the victims of crime have the luxury of being able to direct violence back at the people who hurt them and damaged their property. It is a luxury they may not want to give up.

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The smoking gun speaks

A former assassin has revealed US involvement in El Salvador's political murders. Alexander Cockburn and Rich McKerrow describe the moves to shut him up—for ever

As it desperately tries to fend off a congressional threat to US military aid to El Salvador, the Bush administration claims it is pressuring President Cristiani and the Salvadoran military to bring death-squad killers to book. But Bush's people are simultaneously making every effort to ensure that one damaging witness to the workings of these squads is silenced for ever.

On 10 July, ten heavily armed men from the US Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) broke down the door of a Long Beach, California home and hauled off a Salvadoran named Cesar Vielman Joya Martinez. The government, which wants to deport Martinez, claims he ignored a summons to appear in a Virginia court on the charge of illegally re-entering the US after being deported back in 1983.

This was no ordinary immigration bust. Martinez has been plaguing the government ever since last October, when he came to the US and began to testify about the role of US officials in death-squad killings carried out by the US-trained First Infantry Brigade's intelligence unit in El Salvador. Martinez explained that two US military advisers controlled the intelligence department and paid for the unit's operating expenses. He said the murders of suspected leftists were ordered by senior Salvadoran officers. Although the US advisers "didn't want to hear of the actual killings... obviously they had to know what was going on".

Martinez knows how the whole machinery of repression has worked. He knows the US players in this foul game

For the grimmest of reasons Martinez knew what he was talking about. As a member of the special unit, which he says performed at least 74 executions between April and July 1989, Martinez, on his own testimony, personally murdered eight people. He and his colleagues either strangled the victims, slit their throats, or injected them with poison. Bullets were not used since they might be traced back to the military. Martinez says he also shared a desk with the two Americans known as "William" and "Major".

In the wake of Martinez's revelations, papers such as the *Washington Post* confirmed that two US advisers work in liaison with the First Brigade; also that the CIA pays expenses for intelligence operations in the brigades.

The extensive information supplied by Martinez included a detailed map of the First Brigade's headquarters, and the specific amounts of money rewarded for assassinations ("300, 500 or 800 *colones* per killing"—about $50, $85 or $135). His testimony has been judged credible by human rights organisations and members of congress. In March Martinez's story received further corroboration when a Salvadoran woman, identifying herself by her codename as "Blanca", also fled to the US. She had worked under Martinez in the intelligence unit. Blanca said she gathered information on at least six people who were killed, and received a base salary of $100 a month.

To the US government Joya Martinez and Blanca have been dangerously unwelcome, particularly since the wave of public revulsion in the wake of the murder of six Jesuit fathers in El Salvador last November. They confirmed what had long been outlined by such journalists as Alan Nairn: that the killing squads were integral parts of the Salvadoran military strategy, with which US advisers have been intimately involved. Joya Martinez was "the smoking gun".

The government's counter-attack has been two-pronged. A State Department panel, charged with investigating Martinez's credentials, was cobbled together with the aim of discrediting him. Meanwhile, the immigration service is trying to deport him to El Salvador where, as a defector from a death squad, his life will be nasty, brutish and short.

For its part, with amazing effrontery, the Salvadoran government is demanding Martinez's extradition in order to prosecute him for the death-squad killing of Lucio Parada Cea in 1989, the first time the Salvadoran authorities have displayed the slightest eagerness to confront human rights abuses on their own turf.

The need to silence Martinez is pressing. He has identified a "committee" of high-ranking Salvadoran officers who selected the victims, naming deputy minister of defence Colonel Orlando Zepeda, intelligence chief Major Diaz Hernandez and the head of the First Brigade Colonel Elena Fuentes. He has charged that members of Estado Mayor (El Salvador's military high command) and President Cristiani

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himself had knowledge of the death-squad operations.

Martinez also has information concerning the killing of the Jesuits, their housekeeper and her daughter. His First Brigade unit was attached to the US-trained Atlacatl battalion which carried out the slaughter, and last year Martinez participated in surveillance of the priests. A member of his unit, Oscar Mariano Amaya Grimaldi, has confessed to the slayings and is one of nine military men currently charged. US advisers are also implicated, since the Defence Department has admitted that the killers were being trained by the 7th Special Forces Group (Airborne) of the US Army.

Those proposed by the State Department to be on the panel that will probe the validity of Martinez's statements include Richard Chidester, who bills himself as legal adviser to the US Embassy, and Lt Colonel Manuel Antonio Reves of the Salvadoran Special Investigative Unit. Both were responsible for intimidating the only eyewitness to the Jesuit killings, Lucia Barrera de Cerna.

Recall that attempt to derail the murder investigation. Chidester travelled on the plane carrying Barrera de Cerna and her husband from San Salvador to safety in the US, ingratiated himself with them, and then introduced the couple to a man he identified as "Doctor", with whom he said they could "speak freely and without fear". This individual turned out to be none other than Lt Colonel Reves of the Salvadoran military. The terrified couple were threatened with deportation back to Salvador unless they responded to questions from the FBI with the right answers. Under this pressure Barrera de Cerna retracted her testimony, an account of the murders which she has since reinstated.

Martinez consented to the State Department inquisition, demanding only that the hearing be open to independent observers. But when the staff of the task force with some hesitation accepted these conditions, officials in the State Department, the US Embassy and the Pentagon began to withdraw their approval. The cross-examination was repeatedly stalled.

Then the INS moved to deny his application for political asylum, filed earlier in the spring, on the grounds that the Salvadoran government wanted to prosecute him for murder. Chidester appeared brandishing a bundle of documents forwarded by it and pushed for his extradition.

The government then indicted Martinez on a new charge of illegally entering the US, something the authorities have known since last November, when Martinez informed a Senate committee of this fact. When Martinez, travelling at the time, didn't respond to a summons for a court appearance on 18 June—slipped under his door only three days before the court date—a judge issued a warrant for his arrest. Hence the armed agents came crashing through the door of the house in Long Beach last week.

Martinez was transported to Virginia, where the Department of Justice had filed its papers against him. The eastern district of Virginia is known as the "Rocket Docket" because of its reputation as the most expeditious processor of cases in the country. Now on $10,000 bail, he awaits the hearing that could lead him to his doom.

The stakes are high. For Martinez there is the matter of his life, which will be forfeit if he is deported. For the government there is the threat Martinez poses to any claims that the Salvadoran government has ever had the intention of cleaning up its act. He knows how the whole machinery of repression has worked. He knows the US players in this foul game.

For American citizens the stakes are high too. Here, an inconvenient witness is being hurried to assured doom by a government intent on propping up a structure of murder and repression that should have been left to perish a decade and some 70,000 lives ago.

The blood-letting in El Salvador continues unabated, but you wouldn't know it from reading the American press. Apart from information about the Jesuit murder case, it has barely mentioned the country in recent months. Many editors at the foreign desks of major American—and British—papers believe that, as one puts it, "The Central American situation is winding down".

Larry Towell/Magnum

A victim of last November's fighting between the Salvadoran army and FMLN rebels

As Central America slides off the media map, the new Latin American hot-spots loom in Colombia, Peru and Bolivia. Most of the coverage confines itself to a portrayal of the Andean sector as the latest "Beirut" (a term previously used to depict the Salvadoran situation), where a combination of drug barons and left-wing guerrillas imperil the local populace. And this two-headed monster of cocaine and communism, particularly evident in Peru, is best extinguished with "a tough military strategy".

On 16 July, *Newsweek* revealed Pentagon plans for a "simultaneous (regional) attack" on the cocaine trade's support structure. The plan, based on "Operation Just Cause" in Panama, is to take out all the drug cartels in Colombia, Bolivia and Peru in one swoop. Although the troops deployed would be from these countries, "all the logistics, planning, training and support would be American".

Masterminding this assault is General Maxwell Thurman, who directed the Panama invasion and took personal responsibility for blasting rock music at the papal nunciature where General Noriega lodged. According to *Newsweek*, Max Thurman, whom it calls "The RoboCop General", is happy to use US commandos if necessary. It also cites an intelligence source as saying that the "Pentagon has plans to send American special forces to 'snatch' Colombian drug lords if President Bush gives the order".

It's dubious whether all senior officers share General Thurman's enthusiasm for drug wars. On the other hand, in the era of dwindling military appropriations, a sudden "perceived need"—as the lobbyists put it—for a beef-up in counter-drug, counter-insurgency forces might have some popularity. If the Pentagon really does mount a war against drug growers and traffickers it will be an entirely novel departure. Traditionally, drug cultivators such as the Meo tribesmen in Laos, or the Afghans, have been mustered by US agencies against insurgencies. The traffickers have acted as CIA mercenaries and conduits of hot money and guns. In Colombia, the target of the Reagan and Bush administrations has been the left, not the traffickers.

Another way to view the Thurman plan is to see it as a warning by the US to other powers—pre-eminently Japan—that it regards the Andean countries, and Latin America as a whole, as still very much its preserve. ●

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Rights of a bill

Helena Kennedy replies to Conor Gearty and Alistair Darling (last week) and puts the case for a bill of rights

"Who trusts the judges?" In one voice everyone follows the Cock Robin suspects and replies "Not I". I recently took part in a television discussion in which William Rees-Mogg and Roger Scruton joined in the refrain—and it's hard to believe that they had anything to complain about.

Undeniably, a written constitution gives greater power to the judges. Undeniably, too, the record of some of our present incumbents is a matter of concern. Judicial reform has to be a central plank of any bid to introduce a bill of rights. But even in the absence of constitutional change there has to be an overhaul of the way judges are appointed, because the present secrecy is unacceptable.

When I first joined the Bar 18 years ago, people were already bemoaning the narrow social base from which judges were drawn. Then Professor John Griffith's book *The Politics of the Judiciary* arrived, and gave us the ammunition we needed. It was hardly likely that any inroads would be made during the Hailsham years. Appointments were conducted in the traditional way—by taking soundings from his brother judges—and new arrivals bore a striking resemblance to the ones who had gone before.

But even under Labour Lord Chancellors no serious effort has gone into varying those who are appointed or the method for doing so. In government, Labour has been reluctant to tinker with the "sacred independence" of the judiciary. And, to be fair, it is not as easy an undertaking as might be imagined. But when has that ever been a good reason for balking at a challenge?

The present Lord Chancellor has more reforming zeal than any of his predecessors—and should Labour win the next election I would prefer to keep him rather than any of the suggested alternatives. Lord Mackay has made real efforts to encourage a much broader intake into the legal profession. He has been an active supporter of access programmes, which nurture students who are black, female and working class. His own reforms mean that judges will also be drawn more widely from the solicitors' branch of the profession. Word has it that the "soundings" he takes from senior members of the profession before making his appointments are much more comprehensive than before.

We need to create a culture where the protection of rights is central to our law, where people know their rights

But how do you open out the process of judicial selection without undermining judicial independence? As Conor Gearty said, we should not automatically presume that the independence of the legal profession is a myth just because we do not like some of the results we get. The government has not been doing too well either in the High Court, where judicial review has dented some of its social policy.

I believe the nature of the discourse in our courts would change if we had a written constitution and developed a culture of rights. Legal training would change, as would lawyering, and our judges would correspondingly change too. The common law, far from being the great virtue of our system, has inhibited the development of any intellectual tradition in our courts. A bill of rights would revitalise the law and create a very different ethos in our system.

I think the time is now right to open up a serious debate. But who would appoint the appointers? My own suggestion is that we bite the bullet of concern about political interference (isn't the Lord Chancellor a political appointment?) and create a Judicial Appointments Commission, composed of both legal and lay representatives. The lay members should represent different strands of society with particular emphasis on sex and race. The Commission would also have an input into continuing judicial education. It is not enough that judges should be trained at the outset.

But judges must have some security of tenure. We may not like what some of them do in rape cases—but if they were easily removed, those with enlightened views would be just as susceptible to public pressure. This happened to Rose Bird, a liberal US judge, appointed by California's Democrat governor, Jerry Brown. Her anti-death-penalty position put her on the hit list of right-wing campaigners and she was removed from office.

The canvas of reform proposed by Charter 88 is much wider than a bill of rights and it is important not to think of any one goal as separate. We must not settle for incorporation of the European Convention of Human Rights without our very own tailor-made constitution, because that really would make us hostages to the present style judiciary, especially if a programme of reform drifted away.

The Labour Party is advocating a package of "rights" legislation which I heartily support. But who is going to interpret that new law if not our present unreconstructed judges? There is no such thing as judge-proof legislation, but there is greater chance of it being effective if set against a backdrop of principle, which would be an entrenched bill of rights. Judges and lawyers can breathe life into the law if the will is there. What we need to create is a culture in which the protection of rights is central to our law, where people know their rights and can claim them.

I am not maintaining that these proposals will prevent another case like the Guildford Four, or will stop Judge Pickles from sending mothers and babies to prison, or introduce many socialists to the bench. But they would start an important process of change which is long overdue.●

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Your life in their hands

Teachers and social workers, doctors and dons, lawyers and architects: the 1980s saw the pillars of society shaken one by one. This two-part NSS report on the professions today begins with David Marquand's defence of their status, and with stories from the front line of professional life. Next week, we interrogate the "top people", and ask whether their trades still deserve the public's trust

Peter Schrank

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Smashing times

If Thatcher wins her war against the professions, we shall have a nastier, poorer society, argues David Marquand

David Marquand's review article on Harold Perkin's "The Rise of Professional Society" (Routledge, 1989) will be published in the new journal "Twentieth Century British History" in September

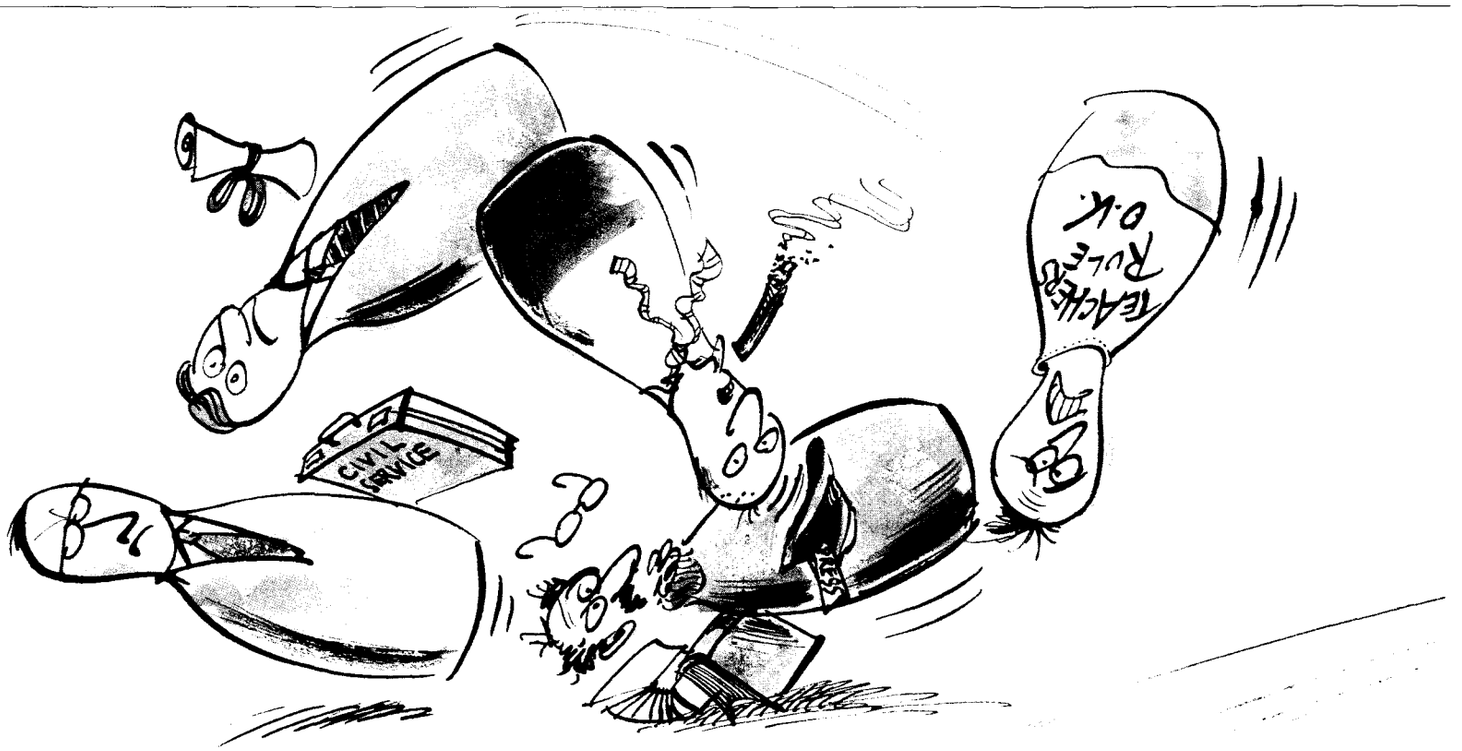
One of the most revealing features of the Thatcherism that first made itself felt in the closing years of the last parliament, and dominated the early years of this one, is its war against the professions and the professional ethic. Churchmen, civil servants, broadcasters, journalists, barristers, doctors, academics, school-teachers and social workers have all felt the lash of ministerial hostility. Their practices and institutions have nearly all been subject to assault; in most cases, the assaults have been more successful than anyone could have predicted a few years ago.

One reason is that the professionals themselves have been remarkably pusillanimous. If the professions are conspiracies against the laity, as Bernard Shaw claimed, most of the conspirators seem extraordinarily lacking in gumption. Only the clergy have fought back with real enthusiasm; elsewhere, professional group after professional group has capitulated to the first whiff of Thatcherite grapeshot. Another reason may be that the political left and centre-left have mostly been ambivalent. On some issues—academic freedom; the assault on the Health Service—the opposition parties have put up at least a token resistance. But their resistance has rarely been more than token; and they have made it clear by their demeanour, even if not by their words, that they too suspect that attacks on the professions are good politics.

Yet, as Harold Perkin has suggested in *The Rise of Professional Society*, his rich and subtle study of the subject, we live in a professional society, whose prosperity and well-being derive, as never before, from trained expertise and human capital. In a sense true of no previous society, each of us depends, every day of the week, on the dedication and sense of responsibility of professionally skilled people to whose profession we do not belong and whose skills we cannot assess. If such a society turns against the professions and casts doubt on the professional ethics, it risks breaking its own mainspring.

Then why the Thatcherites' war on them? Thatcherism in its most recent version is cultural as much as, perhaps more than, economic. It recognises that, in certain crucial respects, a market order is highly unnatural: that market forces will work only if the values of the marketplace prevail; and that, whatever may be true of Hong Kong or Arizona, these values will not prevail in late 20th century Britain without a cultural revolution of near-Jacobin intensity.

The project of this latest version of Thatcherism is to accomplish such a revolution: to root out non- or anti-market values, as Robespierre and the Committee of Public Safety



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tried to root out the values of the *ancien régime*. Hence the strange mixture of authoritarianism and individualism which has been their hallmark. Before the disembodied, freely choosing individuals of market-liberal doctrine can enter into their inheritance, the corrupted, flesh-and-blood individuals whose attitudes have been formed by a century of creeping collectivism must be re-made. The only agency capable of re-making them is the central state. State aggrandisement is the precondition of state limitation.

Hence too the Thatcherites' war against professionalism. For, as they are the first to recognise, the professional ethic is, in a profound sense, an anti- or at least a non-market ethic, while the institutions that embody and transmit it are anti- or at least non-market institutions. In the Thatcherites' view, this is because the professional ethic is a self-serving myth, which has enabled the professions to bamboozle the rest of society into paying them a monopoly rent. Professionals are sellers of services who have managed to control the supply of the service they sell. Because they control the supply, they can control its market value.

The rhetoric of professionalism is a piece of mumbo-jumbo, designed to conceal this activity from the consumer and to legitimise its consequences. Professional hierarchies, professional discipline, professional regulations, professional institutions and professional qualifications are the mechanisms through which supply is controlled. Smash the institutions, de-mystify the ethic and subject the professions to the disciplines of the marketplace, and the sovereign consumer will once again ascend his throne. More important still, the professionals themselves will be forced to abide by the rules of the market and, in doing so, to abandon the corrupting, anti-market values which professionalism engenders and disseminates.

There is, of course, something in the Thatcherite diagnosis. No professional—certainly no member of the occasionally hermetic and nearly always inward-looking academic profession—could deny that professional qualifications help to control supply, or that the language of professionalism is often self-serving hypocrisy. Unfortunately for Thatcherism, however, and still more unfortunately for the society the Thatcherites are busily re-making, this is not all that they are.

It is a truism that markets depend upon knowledge. Consumers can enjoy sovereignty only to the extent that they are knowledgeable. If buyers do not know enough to choose between sellers, the market mechanism fails. But the trouble with professional services is that only professionals themselves can know whether the service is satisfactory. When I go to a hairdresser, I know whether my hair is competently cut. When I go to a surgeon, I do not know if the surgery is competently performed. If I die, it may not be the surgeon's fault: if I am cured, it may not be thanks to his skill. Only another surgeon can judge the quality of the service.

The Thatcherites' underlying assumption is that, if professionals could not control supply by keeping out the unqualified and regulating performance, the price of their services would fall to their true market value. But there can be no market unless buyers can trust sellers not to cheat them; and if there were no professional qualifications or regulations to provide a certificate of quality, buyers of professional services could not trust sellers. In these circumstances, the notion of a true market value for professional services—and the corresponding notion of a monopoly rent for professionals who manage to rig the market—are dangerously misleading.

This is why the professional ethic is the indispensable mainspring of an advanced, and therefore professional, society. If professional services are, in some crucial sense, non-marketable; if, in this field, the competitive market cannot guarantee that the consumer's interests will be properly served; how can the consumer be protected from predatory and unscrupulous producers? With all its obvious imperfections and hypocrisies, the professional ethic does at least attempt to answer that question. In effect, it offers society a bargain. Professionals are allowed to rig the market through controls and regulations. In return, they

The professional ethic is, in important ways, élitist; but it is unwise to abandon a protection against danger if no better protection is in sight. But professionals do not always live up to their own ethic

Peter Schrank

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Only 4 per cent of solicitors over the age of 45 are women. Eighty per cent of women members of the Institute of Chartered Accountants are under 36 years of age.

The professions have been open to women at least since the Sex Disqualification (Removal) Act 1919 which dismantled any formal bar to entry. Today, more than 70 years later, women make up 17.5 per cent of the professions.

The first woman architect joined the RIBA in 1898 after its council defeated a proposal to exclude her. Today, 7.8 per cent of architects are women. Due to the dearth of young male graduates, the RIBA is now promoting architecture as a career for women.

internalise a set of values which prevents them from abusing the market power which these activities give them. They don't exploit their clients, not because they are afraid of competition from other professionals, but because they think it wrong to do so.

At which point, hoarse laughter—and not only from Thatcherites. Aren't I serving up exactly the sort of self-interested mumbo-jumbo that professionals always serve up? Do I really expect people to believe that professionals refrain from exploiting their clients? Haven't I heard of the extortionate fees charged by fashionable silks? Aren't I aware of the way in which conventional doctors try to squeeze out alternative medicine? Do I seriously pretend that academics are motivated solely by a disinterested zeal for truth and the welfare of their students? Don't I know how long solicitors take to answer letters, how arrogantly consultants treat their patients, how little architects care about the people who have to live in their buildings, how much accountants charge for services of no intrinsic value, how grossly journalists infringe privacy? Worse yet, isn't my whole argument incorrigibly élitist and out of touch with the spirit of a democratic age?

The answer is that I do know all these thing: that, yes, the professional ethic is, in important ways, élitist; but that it is unwise to abandon a frail protection against danger if no better protection is in sight. Of course, professionals do not always live up to their own ethic: few human groups live up to the standards they preach. But that is not a reason for abandoning the ethic, or for weakening the institutions that preserve and propagate it. The question that matters is not whether professionals sometimes abuse their position: of course they do. It is whether the professional ethic and the institutions that embody it provide a better safeguard against abuse than the ethic and institutions of the market.

For market liberals, the answer to that question is self-evident. The postulates of market economics are true by definition. Since they rule out the kind of behaviour that the professional ethic implies, it follows that the professional ethic must be hypocritical nonsense and that only knaves or fools would wish to protect professional services from market forces.

In the Thatcherites' view, the professional ethic is a self-serving myth, which has enabled the professions to bamboozle the rest of society into paying them a monopoly rent

Accountants believe they have an image problem and acknowledge "the danger that training as a chartered accountant will be perceived as boring, socially barren and commercially irrelevant by students looking for intellectual challenge and an interesting life".

Of candidates recruited to the Diplomatic Service, 16 were from Oxbridge (2 women), 6 from other universities (one woman), and none from polytechnics.

At a time when the postulates of market economics are the dogmas of a new religion—with almost as many votaries on the left as on the right—these conclusions strike chords in the most surprising places. But suppose that the postulates of market economics do not encompass the full range of human behaviour. Suppose that the essentially behaviourist psychology which underpins those postulates illuminates only a small part of the human psyche. Suppose that human beings can—and sometimes do—behave in the way that the professional ethic presupposes. Is it not then at least conceivable that the professional ethic should be seen not just as a camouflage for professional interests, but as a safeguard against a peculiarly destructive kind of market failure? And if that is so, may it not be that policies designed to marketise the professions will result in less scrupulous producers, shoddier products and a nastier, poorer society? The first rule of the market is, *caveat emptor*. ●

TRUE STORIES

Hard work in new times

How have today's professionals weathered the changes and challenges of the last decade? A senior social worker in east London battles on, unloved and over-loaded; an academic in Sunderland shows how a move from smart university to poor-relation polytechnic brought more gain than loss; and a Sheffield doctor explains how government "reforms" have driven him out of general practice

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SOCIAL SERVICES

Under fire

Social work manager Anthony Douglas reports on a week in the front line

Monday am: Inched to work through the permanent rush hour to find the permanent queue of callers at the office, with new names and faces, but the same problems as last week. No money, nowhere decent to live, nobody decent to love, and the people you're with driving you crazy. The horizon's worse, with those huge family wage cuts called the poll tax here and council house rent rises coming, followed by the evictions. One woman gets angry, saying why should she pay more for less? But she backs off without hope or fight.

The 1980s saw an erosion of the spirit in social workers and their clients. We've become less radical and more professional. We're clearer about what we can and can't do than we were ten years ago, and quite often we do it better. It's just that sometimes it feels as if we're busy decorating the lifeboats while the cruise ship "Welfare State" is sinking fast. Fewer bricks seem to come through the window these days, unless it's the armour-plated glass that stops me noticing. Everybody in the queue is seen, patched up with a little support and advice, and sent back out to battle.

Monday pm: Phone call from a friend in another authority who's dying of Aids but won't tell anyone in his office. He's worried his career prospects will end if his boss finds out. He works in an equal opportunities authority, of sorts. He's getting weaker, and so is his spirit.

Later that day: Attend a departmental working party on the new community care legislation, and the Children Act. The government and professional press claim it's the brave new world. We're all going to be specialists, "targeting those in greatest need". Ten years ago, we worked in local generic patch teams, trying to help everyone. Professional trends come and go through a revolving door, just like the clients. As they go into hospital, out into the community, into prison, out into the community, into the detox unit, back into the community, so we're getting organised the way we were in the 1950s and 1960s, with the 1970s reconstructed as an over-confident cul-de-sac. Like Lou Reed and Neil Young, we left the 1980s having put together our most mature, yet still nostalgic offerings. Perhaps the next trend will be a 1920s revival—no social work at all.

Tuesday am: Two phone calls. One boy's placement has broken down because he's out of control; and there's nowhere to place a girl in trouble. The periods inside care get shorter, and the street's becoming the placement that never shuts and never throws anyone out. Britain's not like New York yet, where the bodies get swept up at dawn each day, but America comes late to us.

Tuesday pm: Interviews for social workers. Many of them ask if they'll have to carry child protection cases, praying the answer's no. With accuracy, they predict that the anxiety the cases generate—because of the fear of making a mistake—will be as hard to handle as the work itself. I feel like telling them to take out personal insurance, just in case.

Wednesday am: Aside from everything else, all the words are changing. Social workers might become case managers. Clients are definitely customers. The fire alarm at an office I pop into is described as emitting "an interrupted or continuous two-tone warbling signal" which is how I feel after a week on duty. Our task is to "empower" others from a position of little strength ourselves. Becoming professional means acquiring jargon, the word games of designer social workers and state-of-the-art managers. Professionals without proper pay, and service users without services. The start of the 1990s is rich with irony as well as cynicism.

Wednesday pm: Most of the social workers I know work around the clock with great commitment and virtually endless goodwill. They strive to keep families together, to combat the inequality and discrimination they see daily, and to help people lead as full and independent lives as possible. They feel misunderstood and maligned by the media and the very state they work for. It's demoralising having to say "we can't help" because we don't have enough nursery places, don't have enough counsellors to listen. We're constantly receiving complaints about what we've been unable to do.

Today, though, we had a letter from a young woman who came into care after being sexually abused. She'd been supported by a young social worker for a number of years, and wrote saying if it hadn't been for that support, she'd never have been able to make another relationship. Those are the letters that don't get published.

Thursday: Three new child protection referrals by 11 o'clock. One sounds malicious, and one is probably professional panic. One sounds serious, and is quickly followed up even though the child's father has threatened to "put the lights out" of anyone who calls round. Two social workers go, with a police officer. I can already hear the criticism—they went mob-handed.

This morning I dropped my car off at my local garage. Pete, my manic mechanic, is leaving for Canada next month, hoping to make big money. He grew up with his father after his mother killed herself. His father beat Pete and his brothers relentlessly, burning their fingers on gas rings for punishment, punching their teeth out. The brothers told their teachers they'd been fighting each other. Their father said he'd kill them if they told. Now, Pete's brothers have broken up their marriages and get drunk. One of his brothers is so nervous he eats paper and anything else in his hands.

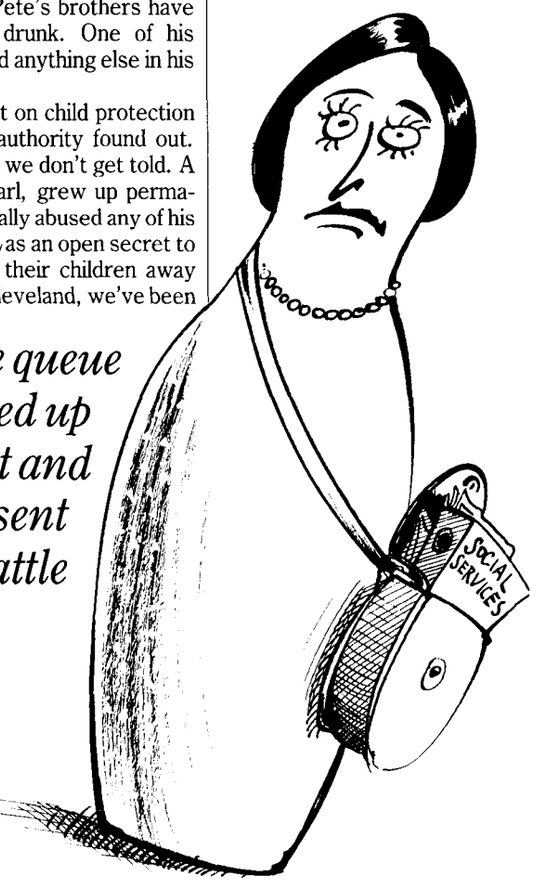
I often think of Pete when we go out on child protection investigations. With Pete, no one in authority found out. Most children still suffer in silence, and we don't get told. A friend of mine, whose uncle was an earl, grew up permanently shielded from this man who sexually abused any of his nephews and nieces he could catch. It was an open secret to the women in the families, who kept their children away while their husbands ignored it. After Cleveland, we've been

Everybody in the queue is seen, patched up with a little support and advice, and sent back out to battle

The Civil Service Commission is to ensure that almost 50 anti-discriminatory rules are being adhered to by recruiting staff: "Monitoring will be light-handed and economical and should review recruitment systems not individual selection."

Aspiring barristers are formally obliged to eat 24 dinners at their Inn of Court before being allowed to practise: "Dining is a worthwhile tradition which provides a valuable opportunity to make contacts." Two-thirds of all barristers practise in London.

Most professions have an association of women members to represent their interests. Chartered accountants have no such organisation, but there is a ladies' dining club.



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In 1988 and 1989, applications for the middle and upper echelons of the Civil Service were the lowest for many years—only 29 per cent of the vacancies for middle-management accountants were filled.

trying to balance the rights of children to protection with the rights of parents to justice. Ten years ago, we didn't know as much. Perhaps that's why it felt easier. As Pete says, it was the mental torture that hurt most.

Friday: Two home helps come into the office. They've been sitting up in shifts all night guarding a frail woman with dementia from running naked into the street. She was trying to get back to somewhere she lived 20 years ago. The home helps ensured she retained dignity and safety. Now they ask, what can be done? We decide together that institutional care would be wrong, and that we must find a caring network to sustain her with support at home. They know it will take time, if we can find people at all. They say they will do as much as they can. These are the amazing women who are often thought of as cleaners.

Going home on the tube, I see two transport police approach a worried busker. He expects to be moved on, so I expect it. Instead, he's arrested, and told "we wouldn't have minded if it had sounded good". This reminds me of the anti-social-work mood in government. Perhaps it's just that we don't sound good or look right. It's probably time to get an image-maker and PR crew into the profession. After all, look what they did for Maggie and Ron in the 1980s. It's not what you do that counts these days, it's how you present it. As I open the front door, the phone rings. It's the emergency duty social worker, telling me that...

HIGHER EDUCATION

Crossover

Raman Selden looks at academic life from both sides of the fence

In October 1989 I retired from Lancaster University as emeritus Professor; on 1 January of this year I took up a full-time teaching post at Sunderland Polytechnic. I sometimes feel a bit of a freak—after all you're supposed to want to move in the contrary direction. But I choose to start from the assumption that my recent history is more a sign of things to come than something rather oddball.

The "binary divide" in higher education was put in place by a Labour government in the 1960s. Its legacy is hard to summarise. In typically English fashion it added another step in the social hierarchy. Polytechnics are thought of as second-best by most students and most academics. When I left Portsmouth Polytechnic as a lecturer in 1971 for the university sector, I believed I was ascending the ladder—finally making it. Looking back I have no doubt that the really exciting intellectual opportunities were provided in the polytechnic.

I realise that the expansiveness of the 1960s was partly responsible, but not entirely. Polytechnics overcame at a stroke one of the major obstacles to intellectual advance in the humanities and social sciences—departmental boundaries. The tremendous ferment in the "human sciences" during the late 1960s and the 1970s was widely welcomed in the polytechnics, while universities were often suspicious of the "unscholarly" and "radical" thinking which threatened to disturb the long-established traditions of existing subjects and their comfortably cushioned departmental enclaves.

Last April the polytechnics became corporate institutions and relinquished many of the constraints of external control and monitoring. This was a coming-of-age, and opened up the prospect of greater autonomy and self-confidence. There is, of course, always the danger that the bureaucratic and managerial obsessions, which have in the past drained so much energy from the younger and talented academics in polytechnics, will continue to inhibit their development and creativity.

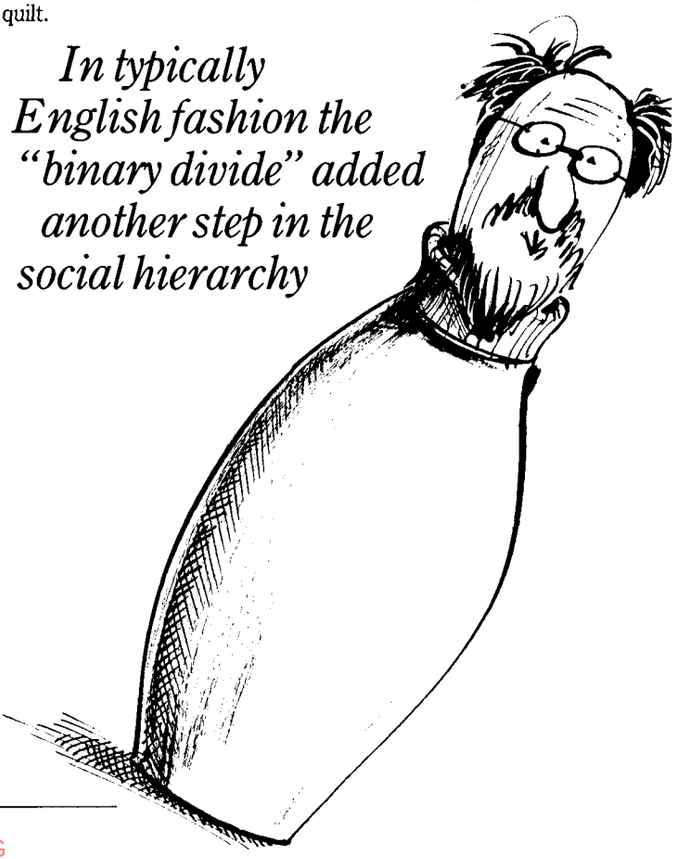
Paradoxically, the utilitarianism of the polys' overall philosophy has not obstructed adventurous research and teaching. On the very first day at Sunderland, I was visited by a colleague in the School of Social Sciences (I teach English literature in the School of Humanities), who invited me to take part in a new two-year interdisciplinary course in gender studies. She thought it wise not to let more than a few hours of the term pass before booking me up for the new course! This move brought it home to me that I was now in a polytechnic, where teachers were really committed to devising ground-breaking courses.

In universities the traditional model of academic advance in the humanities is personal, private research. The individual undertakes to spend many years buried alive in remote academic libraries dusting down ancient manuscripts. True research requires specialised and often privileged access to "documents". The researcher must be prepared to hunt down every relevant item, no matter where it lies buried, from China to Peru.

The model of research that prevails in social sciences and humanities in the polys is much less individualistic and more interdisciplinary. In some ways this suits the entrepreneurial mood of the times which, for economic reasons, favours collaboration. But in the humanities, research, however collaborative, will always depend on a bedrock of individual research effort. The imposition of a science model on the humanities is very distorting, but it is always possible to appropriate the rhetoric of the rationalisers.

My career in higher education looks rather like a thick sandwich: the outer layers consist of two polytechnic appointments, and the filling is made up of two university posts. A cynic might say that the filling is richer and tastier, while the outer layers are good value for money but provide little sustenance. I don't see it that way. In fact, I hope that my move will make a small contribution to the steady blurring of the binary divide. I'd like to think that when I retire my career will look more like a colourful patchwork quilt.

In typically English fashion the "binary divide" added another step in the social hierarchy



In Civil Service posts for "high fliers", 104 candidates from Oxbridge or London universities, 114 candidates from 37 other universities, and 10 candidates from polytechnics were recommended for appointment.

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MEDICINE

Pills and bills

Paul Schatzberger used to be a GP. He traces his disillusion with NHS "reform"

In April, Kenneth Clarke imposed his new contract on general practitioners. The morale of many GPs is lower than ever. Three patients seen during a weekend on duty show the gap between what they need, and what doctors can now give.

Pauline

An emergency call to Pauline, a young mother of two whose back has locked. She is sitting immobile in a sagging armchair in her sparsely furnished council house. I cannot discover any obvious physical reason for her dramatic, disabling condition, and I sense hidden agendas.

I advise rest (probably impossible) and give her some painkillers. What she really needs is more money, better housing, a less arduous job, proper child-care facilities, maybe an osteopath. But she only has access to me. I arrange to see her again at the health centre, when I shall try to explore the many factors contributing to her ill health.

The amount of time available is a major constraint on the provision of high-quality care. Doctors need time to be sensitive, compassionate, receptive to patients; to care, to heal rather than just to prescribe medicines.

We need more time for each patient; fewer patients per doctor. The NHS "reforms" give us the opposite. Pauline will be sent packing with her bad back and a prescription. The chances of improving her health will be remote.

Sheila

Sheila is having her fourth baby at home. The community midwife calls me with expert timing and I arrive with five minutes to spare. Sheila is three weeks early and the birth seems to proceed almost effortlessly. I witness the birth of a beautiful baby boy. He weighs 2.55 kg and is perfectly healthy. Father and sons in dreadlocks—and now the smallest Rasta I've ever seen. I feel honoured to be there.

I believe that empowering a woman to have a home birth if she wishes is an important part of the philosophy of whole-person medicine. This can be a major commitment, time-consuming and disruptive to the day's routine work. Most GPs do not provide this type of care and the new contract makes this service even more difficult. There will be less time to meet these and other important minority needs. Home birth will not look cost-effective for the practice.

Fred

Mrs A asks me to visit her husband, an elderly man seriously ill with heart failure. One of my partners has warned me that he may deteriorate over the weekend. I have not seen him myself since he had a coronary three years ago, when I visited regularly for several weeks.

Fred is semi-conscious and gravely ill. His wife asks me whether she should tell the rest of the family to come. While I am thinking what to reply, she answers the question herself: she doesn't want them all fussing around trying to be helpful and talking rubbish. She just wants to be sad alone with Fred. She laughs through her tears with some sharp jokes, revealing enormous strength, compassion, humour.

Terminal care will involve frequent visits by the district nurses and the doctor. Given the choice, many people prefer to die in their own homes. Good terminal care is time consuming. After the NHS reforms doctors may be less inclined to provide this aspect of care. So much easier and quicker to admit him to hospital.

Our large primary health care team has long outgrown the modest local authority health centre, originally designed for a fraction of the number now working from the building. The health authority has made it clear that there are no resources available for essential improvements and expansion. Faced with a choice of build or decline, the only way forward is for private development on an enterprise basis under the Family Practitioner Committee's cost-rent scheme.

This represents the death of a dream—provision of the highest possible quality of primary health care from state-owned premises. NHS-owned health centres can no longer claim to represent the best in general practice.

Competition will improve services, claims Kenneth Clarke, because good practices will attract more patients.

Advances made over 25 years will be forfeited. The trend to smaller list sizes will be reversed. Quality will be sacrificed for quantity

The contradiction is obvious. Efficient, businesslike practices will make more profit. They will have a greater throughput of patients, but this will not necessarily result in an improvement in health, which is much more than the absence of disease: counting and dealing; not caring and healing.

The Department of Health will pay thousands of pounds to each large practice that chooses, and qualifies, to become a budget holder. This is intended to pay for the time and expense involved in administering a substantial budget. Many GPs view it as a bribe. For the first time in the history of the NHS, GPs will hold the purse-strings.

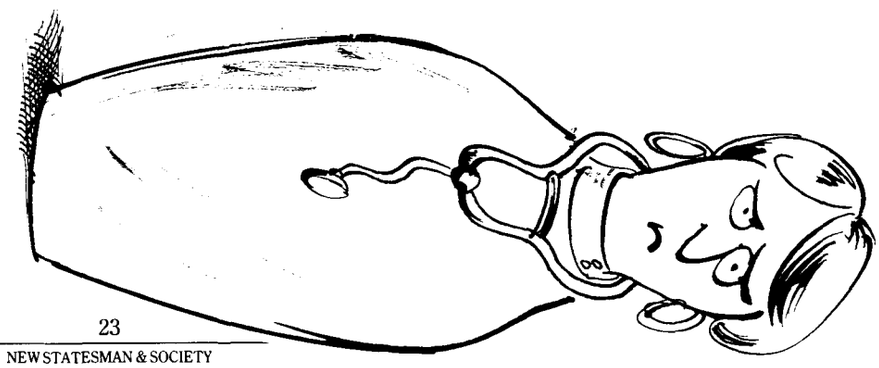
The new GP contract would certainly increase my income. I would be paid for many of the services we formerly provided for out of our own pockets. I would receive more remuneration for our relatively high number of patients. Yet the prospect is profoundly unattractive. I do not, as a GP, want to trade in health care as a commodity. I have resigned.

Many older colleagues will take early retirement rather than accept the new role imposed upon them. I am fortunate in having the opportunity to embark on a new course, in public health medicine—a branch of the NHS which seems safe from privatisation, at least for the time being. Here I will actively promote health and prevention of disease. One of my tasks will be to measure outcomes of the sweeping changes in the NHS. As a public health physician I might at least have a chance to improve what's left of it.

Half of all medical graduates are women, but only 3.2 per cent of surgeons. Their Royal College is concerned that women are under-represented, but it has no policies regarding equal opportunities, sexual discrimination, part-time work, or career breaks.

Medicine has been open to women since the mid-nineteenth century, but the first women doctors had to train in the US or the Continent to circumvent fierce opposition to female medical students.

In the privatisation of the Civil Service, new recruitment agencies are being formed under the "Next Steps initiative". The Next Step is the Revolutionary Communist Party's weekly newspaper.



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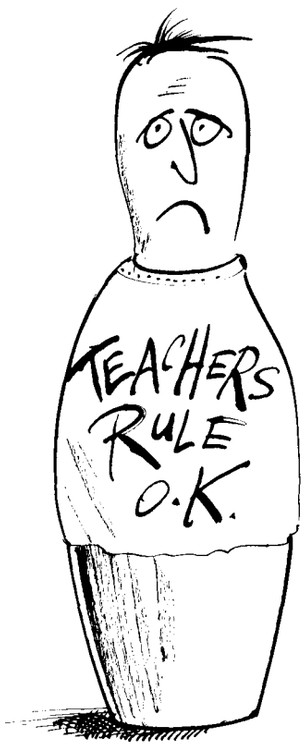
Ragged schools

Claire Sanders asks if a Teaching Council would raise standards and morale in the classroom



Teachers suffered more than any other profession during the 11 years of Conservative rule. They have found themselves unable to protect their pay, working conditions and professional status in the face of a hostile government. And recent moves to protect the professional status of teachers through a General Teaching Council foundered last week.

Teachers are still blamed for wider social and economic problems. The tone set in the 1970s in the Black Papers in Education—which painted a picture of slovenly, trendy, progressive teachers unwilling to discipline modern youth—has continued, with the government making much of reintroducing standards into schools. In an interview for the *Sunday Telegraph* in April, Margaret Thatcher lamented, "Many companies will tell you that the first thing they have to do when they take young people on is to teach them that they have to turn up tidy and on time... some of them come out of school without knowing that."

A major problem for teachers is that they have never established themselves as a profession in the way that doctors and lawyers have. That the government was able to introduce the national curriculum so easily in the 1988 Education Reform Act is a sign of this weakness. It means that for the first time teachers have to implement centrally determined courses of study, national levels of attainment and national testing. Classroom autonomy was a traditional compensation for teachers, who had not been able to control their other conditions as stronger professions did. An editorial from 1960 captured this feeling: "It has always been a source of pride to the profession and a very proper one, that in this country the teacher has the inalienable right to decide what to teach and how to teach it."

According to the National Union of Teachers (NUT), the 1988 Education Reform Act (ERA) will undermine teachers' fragile professional status by making the market the judge of standards, rather than the teacher: "Under the ERA the agency of law enforcement becomes the market itself." Teachers are responsible for delivering a product (the national curriculum). Parents (consumers) will be able to ensure that this is done to their satisfaction, through local management of schools, open admissions policies and ultimately by opting out of local authority control.

Teachers' pay is now at its lowest level in real terms since 1974, when the Houghton Committee recommended significant increases. The Teachers' Pay and Conditions Act of 1987 took away their negotiating rights and the Education Reform Act has seen the introduction of reforms without a corresponding injection of resources.

That teachers are dissatisfied is clearly illustrated by the numbers leaving the profession. The latest figures to be published by the Secretary of State for Education show that shortages have risen by nearly 50 per cent in two years. There are particular problems in London and the south east. The recent report by the Commons Select Committee on Education said that the supply of teachers would become "even worse" unless "drastic" action was taken.

But what can teachers do? The decade has seen a number of strategies—swinging from union militancy (principally from 1984 to 1986) to a more conservative form of professionalism. They are not a united body.

A key characteristic of a profession is the existence of a single body, such as the British Medical Association and the Law Society, to protect members' interests—partly by acting as a united voice, and partly by controlling entry into the profession by the establishment of internally agreed qualifications. Such bodies also discipline members who bring the profession into disrepute.

Teachers have never had such a body. As a result, a Forum of Associations in support of a General Teaching Council (GTC) for England and Wales has been founded. The idea has never been to create a body to deal with pay and conditions of service (those areas would always belong to the unions), but one concerned with registration and dismissal from the profession. The GTC would also be able to advise the government on teacher supply. As the NUT puts it, "It would have value as a body which strengthens popular perceptions of teaching as a profession and through which the profession as a whole can discharge its responsibility to society."

While the Professional Association of Teachers (a no-strike union that doubled its membership during the unrest of 1982 to 1987) and the NUT have been very much behind a GTC, the more militant NAS/UWT has always been "lukewarm" about the idea. As Joe Boone, the union's principal officer for conditions of service, says, "It might make teachers feel better to have a professional association, but it won't put money in their pockets." Last week, in response to the education committee's report, which had recommended the creation of a GTC, MacGregor replied, "the government does not consider that the creation of a GTC would in the near future contribute to the success of its education reforms or to an improvement in teacher supply."

The NUT professes itself "disappointed". It means that teachers have once again to cast around for ways of defending their jobs. Since they lost their negotiating rights in 1987 there has been a decline in militancy. The NUT, at its recent conference, voted in favour of national industrial action if teachers lost their jobs through the local management of schools. But the union's senior solicitor has pointed out that it could be illegal to take national strike action on local issues. The government's latest plans to allow local councils to decide teachers' pay—breaking with national pay scales—has brought more calls for strike action.

The most effective card that teachers still hold is to leave the profession. Wanting to leave shows that many feel defeated by the demands of the last ten years. It is this, more than any organised protest, that seems to worry the government the most. ●

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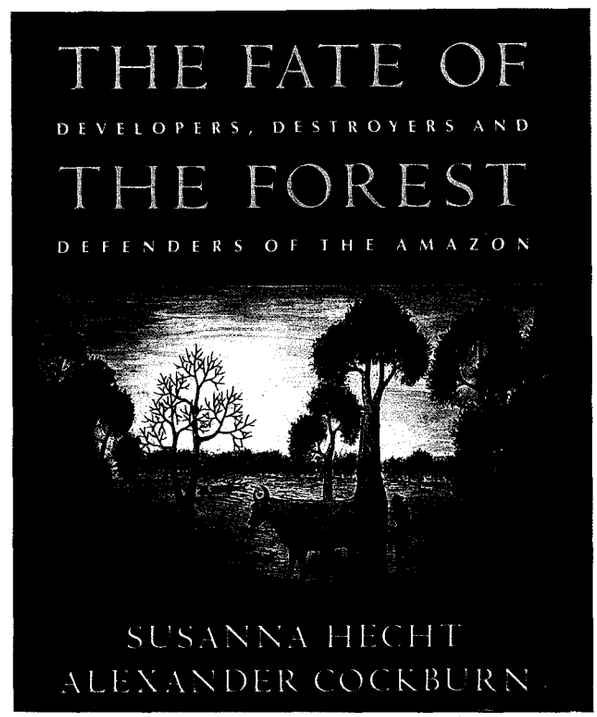
The Bookseller, *3 November 1989.*



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LETTERS

Unjust criticism?

John Macdonald's draft British constitution for the Liberal Democrats is far from perfect—it is, after all, only a discussion paper—but many of R W Johnson's criticisms of it are unjust ("Fettered freedom", 29 June).

Johnson's main point is that Macdonald's draft Charter of Rights is "timid" because it permits some rights to be limited as long as, for example, the limitations are "necessary in a democratic society" and "prescribed by law".

It is odd that Johnson should object to these phrases, since they come verbatim from the European Convention on Human Rights, whose incorporation into British law Johnson himself affects to support.

There is, of course, an argument for leaving the limitations out. There is no need slavishly to follow the Convention on all points. But there are powerful reasons for leaving them in.

The point is that the Strasbourg Court has already announced what the limitation clauses mean, and its view is a very strict one: "necessary" does not mean merely reasonable or convenient, for example; it means indispensable; and no other limitations are allowed other than those that are explicitly stated.

If we were to leave the limitations out, in the hope that British judges would produce no limitations of their own, so making the Charter more libertarian than the European Convention, we may find instead that, because the Charter will have been detached from the Strasbourg view, we have merely been robbed of arguments against those who would interpret the Charter restrictively.

Johnson is also unfair when he criticises Macdonald for proposing to do nothing about the power of the executive branch. Not only does Macdonald explicitly subject the executive to legal control, he also guarantees the independence of the civil service and constitutionalises the position of Ombudsman.

As for Johnson's assertion that Macdonald gives the monarch a power to dismiss the prime minister that she does not have now, he is simply mistaken. Macdonald's Article 62 says that a prime minister who has lost a vote of confidence and then fails to win a majority at the subsequent general election shall be dismissed. No discretion is given to the monarch. The prime minister must go, whether the monarch likes it or not.

Finally, Johnson says that Macdonald should have followed the example of the French constitution in defining closely both the relationship between the government and parliament and the internal procedures of parliament. Surely he knows that the sections of the constitution of the Fifth Republic to which he refers were inserted to subjugate the National Assembly and to exalt the President. Macdonald relies on proportional representation to uphold minority rights in parliament. Perhaps he is being over-optimistic, but the dangers of Johnson's suggestion should be understood.

David Howarth
Cambridge

Guilty or what?

I was slightly perplexed at Jolyon Jenkins's column on the Maguire Seven. The logic of his argument seems to be that the Maguires were guilty after all. If that is what he really thinks, shouldn't he say so?

R T Francis
London E17

Jolyon Jenkins writes: No, I don't think they were guilty. Lack of space and a wary respect for the libel laws prevented me from spelling it out. The unanswered question is: *how did the explosives get on the swabs?* I hope that when Sir John May comes to consider the conduct of the police who investigated the Guildford and Maguire cases, he will turn his attention to this question.

A true democrat

I have just returned from holiday to read Harvey Kaye's response to my review of his "E. P. Thompson: critical perspectives"(Letters, 29 June). I don't mind him springing gallantly to the defence of Ellen Meiksins Wood but why the cheap and silly claim that I haven't read my subject-matter? Wood has repeatedly stated her belief in the necessary centrality of class struggle and the importance of politics; the combination leads unavoidably to vanguardism by a self-selected élite that "knows" where history is "going"—as good a working definition of Leninism as any. Not surprisingly, Wood then devotes whole books (eg, *The Retreat from Class*) to the question of who is on Marx's side in all this and who isn't —a far cry from Thompson, for whom in the end (quoting William Morris) Marx is on our side, not the reverse. It seems from his letter that Kaye is one of those people who think that placing "democratic" before "socialist" can somehow magic away the contradictions between the first kind of approach and a truly democratic practice, or culture, of politics; in which case he has learned less from Thompson (among others) than one might expect.

Patrick Curry
London W14

Red-baiting

I am grateful to Harvey Kaye for coming to my defence (Letters, 29 June). But I have another, less personal objection to Patrick Curry's use of the epithet "unrepentant Marxist-Leninist". I feel no need to repudiate the title of "Marxist", especially since Marxism includes the critical and democratic tradition to which Kaye refers. As for Leninism, I don't see much point in arguing with Curry about its meaning, because I'm pretty sure it was tacked on with no other purpose than to make "Marxist" appear that little bit more disreputable.

And that is precisely the problem. Curry has applied the label not as a means of identification or a useful bit of information but simply as a term of abuse. Its object is not to explain or clarify anything but to foreclose debate. After all, what is there to discuss? We all know (as we conjure up images of a crumbling Communist empire) what Marxist-Leninists are, don't we?

I have a feeling that this kind of thing will be increasingly fashionable for the next little while. Wouldn't it be a good historical joke if the end of the cold war gave a new lease of life to the old cold-war practice of red-baiting?

Ellen Meiksins Wood
London NW1

Storm in a teacup?

R W Johnson describes the Ridley Affair as "a storm in a teacup"(20 July); in that case why does he devote his entire column to it? Also I am fed up with reading articles suggesting that I simply turned on a handy tape recorder during a boozy lunch. As I have said—repeatedly—this was a two-hour interview arranged a month in advance through Mr Ridley's office at the DTI. I am sorry that *NSS* should repeat the sort of nonsensical account of the meeting already purveyed in newspapers like the *News of the World*

Dominic Lawson
Editor, The Spectator

Ideas count, not labels

It may seem churlish to quibble about Kenneth Morgan's extremely insightful (and flattering) review of *Samizdat*'s new book *The Alternative* (20 July). However there is one political point that needs correcting.

It isn't accurate that "former pillars of the old Alliance and/or the defunct SDP" predominate in this collection. Out of 34 contributors, only five—to my knowledge—are present or former Alliance members, while some 15 are actively involved in the Labour party, and one is a prominent Communist. That leaves quite a number whose party affiliation (if any) is unknown to me or the other editors, though one or two may lean towards the Greens.

This really makes one of the book's central points: in the new conditions of the 1990s, party identification in the old-fashioned sense doesn't matter. In the "popular front of the mind" against narrow-minded Thatcherism, it is the ideas,

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not the labels, that count.

Ben Pimlott
Director, Samizdat

Common assault

It was a pity that in the middle of his study of the new popularity of classical music ("A mongrel of dubious pedigree", 13 July), Kevin Loader found it necessary to launch an unprovoked assault on what he describes as the classical establishment. "The average classical audience is enough to make the flesh creep—its ethos of goody two-shoes anal-retentive dullness would drive away most village librarians." To say nothing of the slur on village librarians which speaks volumes about Mr Loader's metropolitan conceit, that is an extraordinary statement which leads me to doubt whether he goes to many classical concerts.

John King
London SE19

Margaret Atwood
Apologies: Last week we omitted to identify the source of Margaret Atwood's short story *The Age of Lead: Colours of a New Day*, edited by Sarah Lefanu and Stephen Hayward (Lawrence & Wishart, £12.95). Authors' royalties and publishers' profits from *Colours of a New Day* are being donated to the Department of Arts and Culture of the African National Congress.

THIS ENGLAND

● Police called out to an alleged covert meeting of the Ku Klux Klan in a field in the West Midlands discovered it was only an innocent monthly gathering of local bee keepers.—*Daily News* (Ruth Wilson)

● Mr Dennis Otter, headmaster of St Peter's Junior School, says that under the Local Management of Schools initiative, his school has been given money to pay for five pieces of toilet paper per child per day. Some schools are cutting paper towels in half because that is all they can afford, he adds. —*Burnley Express* (George Moor)

● "You will note thoughtful detail, from professional coordination of colour and textures to such luxurious details as hydraulic damping on the fascia ashtray release"—promotional brochure for Rover 800 series (Alan Tobias)

FRINGE BENEFITS

Master builders

Colin Ward

Stand, if you dare, in the middle of Sloane Square in London, and look at the building on the north-east corner (the one with David Mellor's cutlery shop on the ground floor). It's about 20 years old and belongs to the least-liked period of contemporary architecture. But if you use the half-closed-eye test, you find that in its grain, texture and bulk, this totally modern concrete building is a good neighbour to the tall red-brick mansion flats around. It merges into its surroundings.

Go a few miles north to the sad desolation around Westway, near Notting Dale. There, on the Edward Woods Estate, you see another modest self-effacing building, the community hall. The tenants' association had been steered towards sources of finance and were in the unique situation, for poor people, of being able to select their own architect.

The one they chose didn't affect a populist accent. He listened with courtesy to their outline of their aims, took careful note of the fact that the building was to be put up as a training scheme by young, unemployed and unskilled people, and fought endless battles on their behalf with the public authorities, just to get it built.

The architect of both buildings is a man who has been in practice for over 30 years as a true professional, giving a direct, personal service to his clients. A completely private man, he is one of the reasons why I can't simply condemn his profession as a conspiracy against the laity.

Another is that up and down the country there are others like him, with no ambition to enlarge their offices, who never sought publication in the OK journals, never had the time to seek office in the RIBA, and never put up a building of which they are now ashamed. From the clients' point of view, the best architects are totally unknown. But there's plenty to be said about the irrelevance of architects, beyond the fact that many of the buildings we admire most, as well as many we like least, were put up without them.

As with other professions, the training of architects has been continually lengthened, and, like the subsequent publicity machine, is dominated by cults of originality and of personality. Modestly, the client just wants a building that works and doesn't leak. The bigger the prestige of the practice, the less is the likelihood of this result.

The profession is not entirely to blame. For most of history it would have been thought absurd that people of such genius should use their expensive time on the ordinary individual dwelling-house. Then came building regulations. These began as simple by-laws under Victorian public health acts. Today they are incredibly complex and use a private language lay people can't understand. They need an architect to steer them through, but most architects sidestep this obligation, putting the onus of compliance on the builder. Unlike my favourite architect, or heroes like the late Walter Segal, they don't antagonise the Building Control department by arguing their clients' case.

There is also the planning legislation. This too began simply, as guidelines for land use, rigidly enforced. It has grown to become a weapon of aesthetic control, too costly to be fought over, totally dependent on fashion. But so are architects. Hence all that deep red brick, steep roofs and brown window-frames you can see in new buildings from Caithness to Cornwall.

Worst of all was the legacy of two legal decisions (*Anns* v. *London Borough of Merton* and *Eames* v. *North Herts District Council*) which implied that any defect in a building between now and eternity can be blamed on the local authority that approved the plans. Council officers braced themselves for this challenge, and your poor architect must too. It doubled the cost of the humblest of buildings. Architects have to live with this enforced profligacy.

Doctors priced themselves out of the market, so we had the sixpenny doctor and later the NHS. Solicitors and barristers made it impossible for ordinary people to use the law, so we developed the Poor Man's Lawyer and later the Legal Aid Centre (now under threat).

There are two architectural responses. One is the community architecture movement. The other is community technical aid, in which people with different kinds of expertise merge it for clients. The current president of the RIBA admits that "Technical aiders resented the professional imperialism of architects, which, they claimed, clouded the clear objective of cheap practical help for those who could not afford market rates. The insistence of architects on controlling projects also, they claimed, negated the aim of promoting self-help. Technical aid was the real enabling force, because it simply cleared a way through the jungle of red tape as scout rather than as team leader."

This is one of those instances where Max Hutchinson turns out to be accurate.

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Of bins and bouquets

Sue Townsend was born and still lives in Leicester. She left school at 15 and was employed in a variety of unskilled jobs.

In 1978 she joined the writers' group at the Phoenix Arts Centre in Leicester and wrote "Womberang" for which she won a Thames Television Bursary as a Writer-in-Residence there.

Since then she has written several stage plays and become a best-selling author with her books "The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole" and "The Growing Pains of Adrian Mole".

The flowers arrived at 11.30 in the morning. Sandra ran downstairs to answer the door. She had been cleaning the bath and still had a cleaning rag in her hand. It was a massive bouquet, the delivery woman looked at Sandra curiously, noting the lank hair, the unmade face, the apron and the cleaning rag.

"Mrs Lovejoy?" she asked.

"Yes," said Sandra.

"These are for you," said the woman, and turned as though disappointed towards her little delivery van parked at the kerb.

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Clare Jarrett

The flowers were extraordinarily beautiful, Sandra was overwhelmed by their pastel extravagance, their heady smell.

"They can't be for me," she shouted after the woman. It wasn't her birthday, and she hadn't done anything to deserve congratulations. The delivery woman assured her that she hadn't mistaken the address and so Sandra closed the front door and took the flowers into the dark kitchen at the back of the house. Pink roses. Spray carnations. Gypsophila. Freesias. Daisies. All bound together with a pink satin ribbon. There was an envelope stapled to the ribbon and inside, a card: "I love you Sandra," it said. It was typewritten and unsigned. Sandra blushed with pleasure. It wasn't her wedding anniversary, and anyway her husband had never bought her flowers, even when the children were born. He thought flowers were a waste because they died. House plants he tolerated, could see the point of, they were, after all, a type of furniture. But flowers, by their very ephemeral nature, were not cost-effective and he was against them. Sandra was baffled. She stared at the card. "I love you Sandra." But she wasn't the type of woman that people loved. She wasn't beautiful or fascinating or clever or witty. She looked at herself in Alan's shaving mirror which hung over the kitchen sink. Her face was pale and ordinary. She filled the sink and put the huge posy in to soak. Then she went upstairs to finish cleaning the bath. But she didn't clean it, she rinsed it and then tipped her precious bath oil into the tub, turned the taps on and watched the bubbles froth.

"I love you Sandra." Who loved her?

She stayed an hour in the bath. She washed and conditioned her hair. Removed rough skin, dealt with unwanted body hair and ignored the ringing of the telephone. When she eventually went downstairs perfumed and dressed in her second-best frock, she felt less intimidated by the flowers, and more able to accept the astonishing fact that they had been sent to *her*.

When she arrived at the baker's shop where she worked part-time, her fellow workers remarked on her enhanced appearance. Behind her back they speculated about the possibility of Sandra's having taken a lover. Male customers came under closer scrutiny than usual and the shop that afternoon was full of laughter. By five o'clock the women were almost hysterical, laughing at any trivial thing, like schoolgirls, though there wasn't one of them under 45. Sandra didn't dare to mention the flowers, though she never stopped thinking about them. When she got home she found Alan at the sink shaving. The flowers were heaped high and dry on the draining board. He was in a bad mood.

"What's all this?" he asked, jabbing towards the flowers with his razor.

"*You* didn't send them then?" she checked.

"Me?" he said. "There's fifty quid's worth there!"

Alan knew the price of everything, he was a cost analyst. He was very careful with money: Sandra was not even allowed to buy a pedal bin. "A cardboard box lined with newspaper serves the same purpose," Alan had pointed out, and Sandra couldn't deny that it did. But even so, she lusted after a pedal bin, a scarlet one she had seen in a hardware shop. She had gone into the shop several times and had surreptitiously pressed her foot on the pedal.

All their money was pooled. Alan paid the bills and gave Sandra housekeeping, but it was never enough. Her daughter Catherine was away at college but she couldn't manage on her grant and so Sandra secretly sent her five pounds a week tucked inside the notelets she had been given for Christmas. She asked her not to acknowledge the receipt of this money. Alan wouldn't like it. Catherine was taking "Women's Studies" at Bristol University and on her rare visits home she quarrelled with her father and called him "the worst kind of chauvinist". She urged her mother to assert herself. Sandra was always ashamed of the relief she felt

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when this tall, confident, pretty girl packed her rucksack and strode out of the house in her big, laced-up boots.

Alan finished his early evening shave and then asked about the flowers. Sandra showed him the card. He laughed when he read, "I love you Sandra". He said, "It's obviously a mistake, who would send *you* flowers?"

Sandra was hurt by this. As she prepared their evening meal tears rolled down her face, smudging the mascara she had applied so clumsily earlier in the day.

Alan was disturbed by her tears. Sandra never cried. He tried to cheer her up by talking about his work, but even this didn't snap her out of her mood of gloomy introspection. They ate in silence until Alan said, "You're not leaving that chop are you?" He said it accusingly, as though Sandra had committed a crime.

"Yes, you have it if you want it," she said.

"I don't *want* it," he said irritably, "but it can't be wasted, can it?"

Sandra had a vision of dropping the chop inside the scarlet pedal bin, but instead placed the congealing lamb on to her husband's plate. As she moved about the kitchen he watched her carefully. She looked different, almost pretty. Why was she wearing a decent frock in the house? "Are you going out?" he asked. "Yes," she replied. She hadn't intended to go out, she hardly ever went out in the evening, with or without Alan.

"Where are you going?", he was astonished.

"To meet a friend," she lied. "After I've arranged the flowers."

There weren't enough vases, so Sandra filled jugs and pickle jars and milk bottles with the sweet-smelling blooms. The small house was instantly beautified, its general shabbiness temporarily disguised. Alan sat in the lounge flanked by roses and carnations, pretending to watch television. Sandra put her best coat on and collected her handbag.

"Well, bye," she said. *And she went.* She didn't know where to go, she felt conspicuous wearing her best clothes on a weekday. She passed by the hardware shop and looked at the pedal bin and then caught the bus into town. The town centre was full of young people. It was as though a decree had been passed forbidding the middle-aged and the old the freedom of the city. Sandra felt quite daring as she walked along—as if she were breaking a curfew. She noticed a huddle of young people waiting by the clock tower—in her day, 25 years ago, this had been the traditional meeting place, where you met your boyfriend before he got his courage up to be introduced to your parents. Sandra had always met Alan here. Had waited with a beating heart to see him alight from his bus. She remembered the careful preparations she had made to look nice for him, spending hours on her hair and makeup and sometimes changing her clothes as much as three or four times. The agonies she had gone through when he was a few minutes late!

The clock struck half-past seven and she saw several of the young people glance at their watches. They anxiously scanned the pavements for their loved ones. The night was cold and a cutting north east wind had blown up. The young people shivered in their fashionable but skimpy clothes. When did teenagers stop wearing coats? Sandra wondered. One pretty girl was wearing a thin dress which stopped halfway down her thighs. She shivered and hopped from leg to leg, her high heels clattering on the cobbled pedestrian precinct. Sandra wanted to mother her, to remove her own coat and give it to the girl but instead she walked to the main shopping street and began to covet the goods in the shop windows. It was ten minutes past eight when she passed the clock tower again and the girl was still there. Her bare legs were blue and she clutched her handbag to her breasts as though the bag were a source of warmth.

"She's been stood up," thought Sandra, and a huge rage filled her. She decided to wait with the girl. She stood a few yards away, close enough to hear the girl's teeth chattering. Occasionally the girl shot Sandra a curious glance which said, 46-year-old women didn't wait under the clock tower for a date. They had homes of their own didn't they? Or they met in bingo halls or suburban pubs. Their glances met—and Sandra smiled. It was now 20-past eight—the girl had been waiting for 40 minutes. Her face was pinched with cold and anxiety. Sandra spoke, "Cold isn't it?" the girl mumbled something, agreeing but making it clear that she didn't want conversation. It was half-past eight when Sandra spoke again.

She looked at herself and fell in love. The bows, the ribbons. "I love you Sandra," she said

"Looks like I've been stood up."

The girl turned to Sandra and said, "And so have I."

She started to weep and Sandra took a clean tissue out of her bag and handed it to her. Heads turned in the street as the pent-up tension the girl had been feeling turned to noisy sobbing. Sandra steered the girl to a nearby pizza restaurant where they sat in the warmth and discussed men. Her name was Kerry, she was 17 and was in love with a youth called Daniel Wainwright. He was unreliable and was on probation for criminal damage to a Belisha beacon. If Daniel had turned up they would have gone to a disco pub. She wasn't wearing a coat because Daniel didn't like her wearing coats. He wanted other men to admire her figure. Sandra knew better than to criticise young Mr Wainwright, but she made some unflattering observations about men in general. She surprised herself because she hadn't realised that she had these opinions, she didn't know where they'd come from. As she saw Kerry to her bus-stop she heard herself saying, "You mustn't let a man rule your life Kerry, he mustn't be the be all and end all."

Kerry said, "I'll ring him up when I get home, perhaps he's poorly." She ought to hurry home, she had never been late. Alan had taken it for granted that she would be always be there waiting under the clock, looking nice and being pleasant, agreeing with whatever he said, and never making demands of any kind. She hadn't liked any of the furniture they had chosen as newly-weds for their first home but she hadn't liked to say so. It was the same for the carpets and the wallpaper. None of it was to her taste. She began to refurbish her home, she window-shopped and chose the most expensive chintzy three-piece suite and curtains that draped and swagged and were edged in satin ruffles. She then revolutionised her wardrobe. In her mind she threw away the sensible clothes that Alan had chosen for her from various chain stores and she re-dressed herself in floaty extravagant things in soft impractical colours that would show the dirt. Alan was asleep when she returned at half-past eleven. He was on the wrong side of the bed, in her position. His back facing the door. There was a note on her pillow. "Who is he? I'll tear his head off his shoulders."

Alan, who had trouble snapping a wishbone on Christmas Day! The jar of freesias she had placed on the dressing table scented the bedroom delightfully. She searched in her wardrobe for a négligé set she'd never worn. At the time she'd thought this frothy outfit silly. "Had her sister gone mad, buying her this ridiculous present?" she'd asked Alan.

But now!, oh now! she looked at herself and fell in love. The bows, the ribbons. "I love you Sandra," she said to her reflection. She flounced and posed in the frivolous nightwear. She took her old brown bedroom slippers off. She painted her toenails...scarlet. She lay awake most of the night wondering if she really loved Alan. Alan also lay awake, pretending to sleep, which was hard work. He was consumed with jealousy —an emotion new to him. Where did she go? Who did she meet? Why couldn't he broach the subject? When did they stop talking and start writing notes on the sticky yellow things he brought home from the office?

"I've fed the cat." "We need light bulbs." "Your mother phoned."

The very monotony of these remembered communications eventually sent Alan to sleep. When he woke he turned and looked at his wife, what was she *wearing* for God's sake?

He dressed carefully, he splashed aftershave on his miserable face. He put on a perky tie. He went downstairs, there was a letter from Catherine...She'd got a job as a waitress. The tips were incredible! A drunk had given her a £50 note! Did Sandra like the flowers? You don't mind if I call you Sandra do you mum? I'm not a child now, I do love you Sandra. Wrote their daughter.

Alan put the letter in his pocket. He would ring Catherine when he got to his office. Sandra must never know. The flowers breathed their tender scent through the house as Alan wrote his first romantic note to his wife. "Buy that pedal bin." ●

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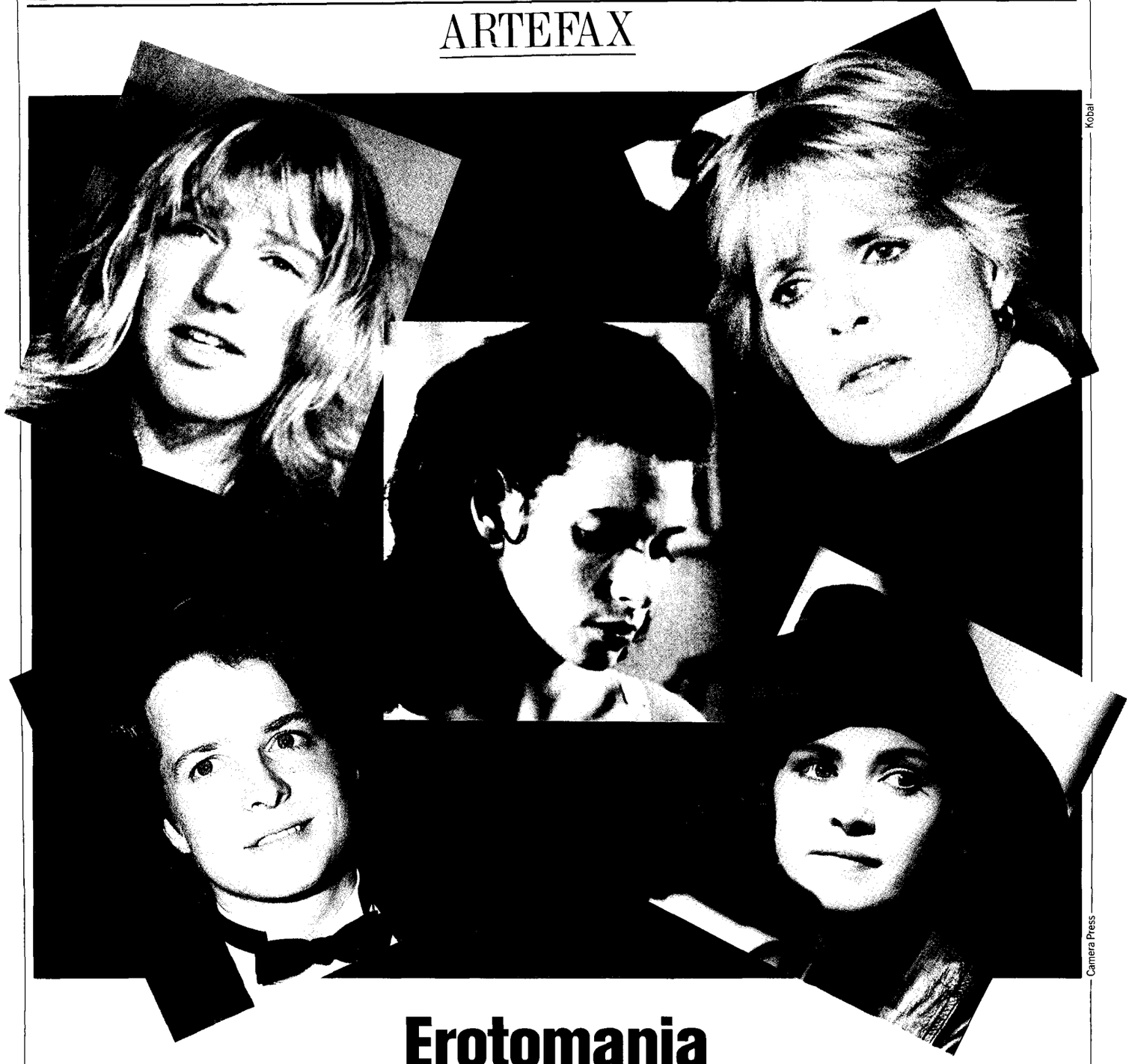

Kobal

Camera Press

Erotomania

Star-stalking—obsessively pursuing the rich and famous—is one of the more sinister by-products of the media age. Stuart Cosgrove investigates the phenomenon of life as TV movie

If Joni Penn, a 30-year-old woman from California with an obsessive love for television, ever gets around to writing to you, make sure you write back. Joni likes letters. She loves them. And she hates being ignored.

Three weeks ago Joni was jailed for six years in the latest case of "star-stalking"—obsessively pursuing the rich and famous. She had barricaded herself into the home of Sharon Gless, star of *Cagney and Lacey*, and, in a psychologically disturbed re-enactment of a scene from the popular police series, held uniformed officers at bay for seven hours with a rifle.

Joni was a viewer with a mission, a hyperactive couch potato who had an unhealthy interest in her favourite programme. In the two years preceding her arrest she had inundated Sharon Gless with hundreds of love letters and had watched video recordings of *Cagney and Lacey* so often she could recite chunks of dialogue.

The murder of John Lennon is the most spectacular and widely known incident of star-stalking: its notoriety within the modern history of murder, Lennon's monumental status within pop culture, and the international media attention the murder generated have dwarfed other incidences of star-stalking and ensured that a form of media psychosis, peculiar to the television age, has been defined in relationship to one man, Mark Chapman.

But possibly the most bizarre and ostentatious case of star-stalking involves a psychologically disturbed drifter from the north of Scot-

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land called Arthur Jackson. On 15 March 1982, outside a West Hollywood apartment, Jackson, a 54-year-old itinerant with a history of mental illness, approached the relatively unknown American actress Theresa Saldana as she unlocked her car door. He stabbed her repeatedly with a hunting knife, striking at her face and body so violently that the knife broke.

A neighbour bravely intervened and overpowered Jackson. By the time the paramedics got Saldana to the hospital the blood had virtually drained from her body, her heart had stopped and, in the cop-show parlance of *Cagney and Lacey*, she was DOA—dead on arrival. By miraculous surgery and a super-human effort to stay alive, Saldana regained consciousness and has spent eight years of painful rehabilitation coming to terms with the fact that Jackson will only serve a fraction of his 15-year sentence.

If the episode ended there it would be gripping enough, but the attempted murder of Theresa Saldana is a continuous serial, a made for TV movie, framed by the media's most sinister promise, what will happen in next week's thrilling instalment. Jackson was sent to Vacaville State Prison in California, where he has spent nearly eight years embroiled in a legal wrangle over extradition. Should he be returned to the UK to face other charges? Throughout his incarceration he has kept a methodical diary of his obsessions and continues to write letters threatening to kill Saldana when he is released.

However psychology chooses to define this condition, and as yet there is no convincing analysis, Jackson's illness finds its deranged expression in media images. He is the chapter Michel Foucault forgot to write. The one where madness ejects civilisation and becomes the plot of a confused home video in which psychosis finds its outlet in the closing credits.

Arthur Jackson was born in the north-east of Scotland, the son of an alcoholic father and a mother who allegedly had a history of schizophrenia. Jackson was an odd and fanatical child who often resorted to long periods of fantasy and delusion. He was a child of the cinema and first saw Saldana in a picture house in his native Aberdeen. She was appearing in a film about Beatlemania called *I Wanna Hold Your Hand*: she was a small-time Hollywood actress and he was an unemployed, suicidal vagrant who had developed an obsessive passion for women he perceived were stars, including the Austrian actress Senta Berger and the Spanish singer Teresa Berganza. Jackson believed Saldana was his special discovery.

Unlike the John Hinkley case where the obsessive star-stalker tried to prove his love for Jodie Foster by murdering President Reagan, Arthur Jackson was obsessed with the obscure, the up-and-coming. In 1981, Jackson was at the movies as usual, this time to see a film called *Defiance*, in which Saldana played a teenage heroine fighting the slums. It was on his way out of the cinema that he imagined a trip to the US where he would win Saldana's love, and in the words of his bleak personal diary, keep her forever by "sending her into eternity".

The obsessive fan is an occupational hazard for modern stars. In the last two years, the tennis player Steffi Graf was stalked by a suicidal boy who had watched her from a distance as she trained for stardom in her home town of Bruhle in Germany.

The Los Angeles-based singer Sheena Easton is one of 15 stars who has been pursued by a bearded assailant with a history of threatening behaviour. Michael J Fox's wedding was turned into a security fortress when a love-crazed obsessive called Tina Marie Ledbetter threatened the lives of the actor and his new wife Tracy Pollan. Tina had sent Fox a staggering 5,000 letters.

Letters are often a crucial part of the process of star-stalking. They are not always a threatening device. More often than not, the letters are a vehicle of delusionary self-expression in which the writers outline their dedication, talk in intimate detail and speculate about a future time when they and the star will be together in mutual and eternal love.

One of the most disturbing by-products of the media age is the kind of deranged, yet magnificent obsession in which the fan becomes a psychotic chronicler of the star's life. Tina Ledbetter discussed Michael J Fox's career in such painstaking detail that she returned to old soap opera episodes and scolded Fox for not overturning the plot.

The only significant psychological study of star-stalking can be found in the works of G G De Clerembaut, the eminent French psychiatrist whose book *Les Psychoses Passionelles* (1942), is a landmark in the study of psychotic obsessions, and the analytic source-book of a condition that has increasingly become known as erotomania or the delusionary love-affair.

Erotomania has five basic characteristics, most of which recur in incidents of star-stalking, and all of which are present in the case of Arthur Jackson's attack on Theresa Saldana. A difficult and psychologically troubled domestic environment, in Jackson's case a depressingly alcoholic father; a domineering parent; a transference of love and devotional interest to a person who is unobtainable; a history of dramatic demonstrations of love including threats of suicide, dangerous and very public stunts and sometimes physical attacks.

The final characteristic is perhaps the most revealing. In the case of extreme conditions of erotomania, obsessive fans irrationally appropriate attempts to dissuade them and turn rejection itself into a gesture of love. The letters often contain built-in excuses for rejection: "You will be too busy on the set, to reply"; "Don't write back, you need to concentrate on your lines."

Much has been written about cinema and psychoanalysis. But while the media intelligentsia seems fazed by mirrors and intrigued by Oedipal complexity, it remains one of the great absences in modern psychiatry that star-stalking, cinema's most deranged by-product, has not generated its own body of psychoanalytical knowledge. The long road to understanding star-stalking could begin with the case of Arthur Jackson. Doctors believe he should be incarcerated for life, the law says not. So Saldana's physical and emotional rehabilitation is still stalked by Celine's infamous phrase: paranoia is the truth.

Television

Style trial

John Lyttle on the new talent show, Stars in their Eyes

Imitation is the sincerest form of assassination. Not that the imitators of life inhabiting Granada TV's **Stars in their Eyes** (Saturdays, ITV, 6.35pm) are conscious of fame's freakish aspects. When teenage "travel consultant" Kelly is propelled through the magic mist to emerge moments later as Kylie Minogue, the quick change is meant as (edited) compliment. Kelly/Kylie is unaware of the irony in singing a disco ditty entitled *It's Never too Late to Change Your Mind...*or, for that matter, your persona, garb and hair colour.

Host Leslie Crowther delivers patter like "They're not miming! They're singing live! You'll be amazed!" with a face straight enough to conjure thoughts of the mortician's art, apt in an extravaganza whose true subtext is embalming the dead (John Lennon), the near-dead (Roger Whittaker) and the living (Shirley Bassey) with equal, calculated abandon. The audience goes wild.

One is tempted to wonder how the hyena mob would respond if Kelly the travel consultant swivelled from the fog as, say, Myra Hindley or Imelda Marcos. After all, Myra occupies as much tabloid space as Kylie and with better reason; beasts are more compulsive than

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wimps. And Imelda can carry a tune. So she's one up on Kylie too.

The name of the game here is fame and fakery, not, as in the traditional talent show, the quest for an "original" performer, a celebrity phenomenon viewers could call their own Victoria Wood, Lenny Henry, Pam Ayers, Neil Reid, Bobby Crush.

Game shows are madcap parodies of capitalist consumerism, devoted to ever more diverse ways of beating the competition (*You Bet*, Bruce Forsyth's latest, gives prizes at the beginning and then compels opposing teams to grab one other guy by the goodies), and old-wave talent shows reinforce the myth. On *Sky Search*, *Opportunity Knocks* and *New Faces*, the power to amuse or distract is a gift to be exploited for personal gain (which, of course, rhymes with fame). That's the message of stardom, a message encapsulated in the voice-over that began a certain eighties TV series: if you wanted fame you sweated for it and it could begin here, right now.

That credo has been popular in the decade of Margaret and Madonna; the one urging you to pull yourself up by your bootstraps in pursuit of upward mobility, the other opting for the brastrap. Yet note the key words: Your/Self. What makes *Stars in their Eyes* particularly ghoulish is the denial of individuality in favour of begged, borrowed or stolen charisma.

Part of the series' potency is undoubtedly its broad fantasy appeal. Who hasn't stood in the bath and crooned into the showerhead? Name That Tune! The traditional talent showcase, aimed by ITV at everyone bar the ABC1 audience, implicitly offered its mainly working-class artistes a way out and a way up. But what would winning *Stars in their Eyes* avail anyone? Wouldn't the winner always wonder if it was the popularity of the person they were pretending to be that carried the votes? Perhaps this is why Crowther is so keen to introduce his "guests" as ordinary people with ordinary careers. Maxine is an extra on *Coronation Street*—cue the obligatory clip, an insultingly brief glimpse of a shadowy background figure—while Ian has recently graduated in Roman Studies, possibly an explanation as to why he's simulating Frank Sinatra, that most lauded of Italians. But why do these star turns seem like self-mocking acts of revenge rather than fan worship? Maxine's Shirley Bassey flaunts an obsessively accurate surface—the make-up rests on her face like enamel—but the voice is less stars in their eyes than frogs in their throats.

Like *Invasion of the Body Snatchers'* pod creatures, these Xerox souls lack something *essential*. What, to be perfectly old fashioned, actress Ellen Terry called that "little something extra". So Gary's eerie John Lennon is Christ Crucified Again, as if Mark Chapman hadn't already committed the ultimate act of obeisance and acquired the idol's new clothes through murder most necessary.

Of course, in an era of cloning, recycling and adoring kitsch, *Stars in their Eyes* is a hit. The trendiest *divertissement* has to be "a show where our star guests sound and look like some of the best known names in show business."

There's no business like it.

Architecture

Banking in style

Stephanie Williams on banks as beauty parlours

Conjure up an image of Barclays, the Deutsche Bank, the BNP, or the headquarters of Lloyds, and what do you see? Not banknotes or a building; possibly typography or black horses. At the same time, what price do you put on the NatWest Tower? But for its height no one would notice it, but today it reads as a ready symbol for the heart of finance and the City of London. When you see it on television fly-throughs, on investment brochures, it registers the brand in the subconscious.

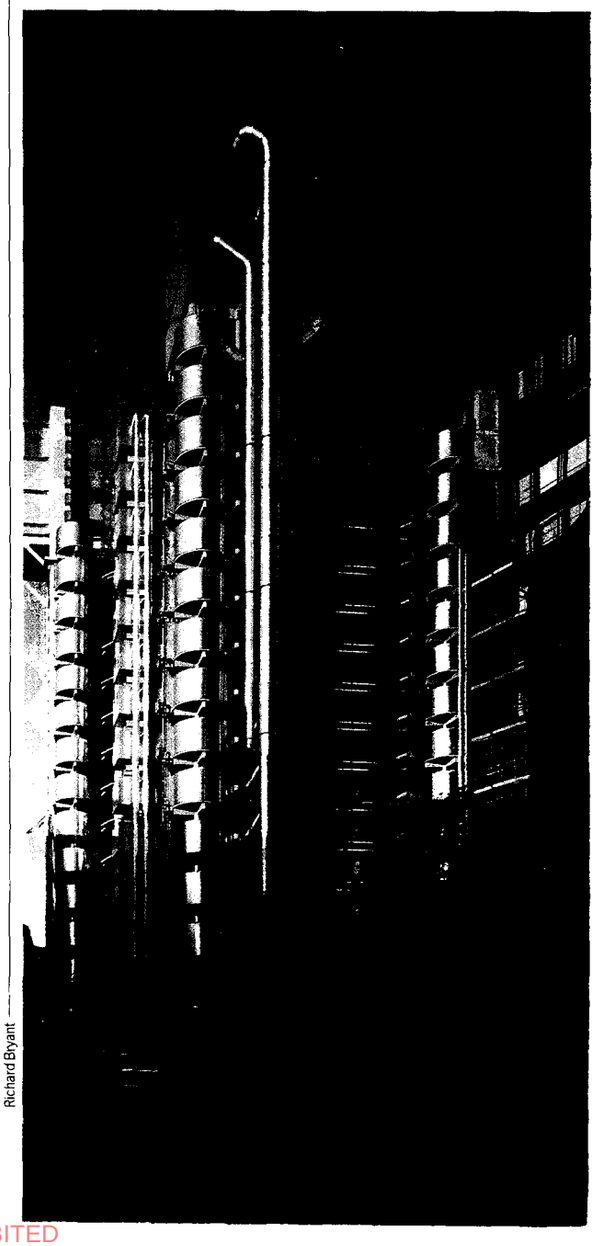
Banking has changed. No more queueing, writing cheques, bellowing through glass screens at hapless tellers. Today, more than two-thirds of cash withdrawals are made through machines. Half of those questioned in a MORI research poll last summer said that in an ideal world they would visit their bank as little as possible. The concept of a bank as a tangible institution, a symbol of substance and security, is rapidly losing its potency. The marbled halls, the mahogany counters, the great bronzed doors, the vast 25-ton safe doors designed to swing shut at the touch of a hand on vaults of gleaming safety-deposit boxes: who needs them? Like the decreasing use of money itself, the buildings we know as "banks" are being reduced to mere retail outlets, the victims of the quick transaction and a slide of the plastic across a vetting machine.

In smaller towns outside the frenzied south east of England it is still true that bank buildings, like churches, town halls, schools, and post offices (remember *post offices?*), represent, as they have done for over 100 years, an important focus for a community and a symbol of its character. The headquarters of Georgian and most early Victorian banks were houses, with business conducted on the ground floor and the manager living above. But with the series of collapses and consolidations that took place in the first half of the 19th century, banks that survived saw that it was in their interest to build well. In time, their buildings became true monuments, representing wealth, investment and security. Some bank buildings became the ultimate in corporate trademarks, put before the public on the back of their banknotes.

The classic case is the Bank of England. Sir John Soane's exteriors—high-walled, windowless, with giant columns turning the corners of the 3 acre site—are relentless and forbidding. Inside, the huge banking halls, fabulous oblongs beneath high domes, were a matter of pure prestige. Solemn, majestic, totally intimidating: nowhere was there a bank building as ambitious as the Bank of England. It became the archetypal bank. Soane's designs, conceived and extended between 1788 and 1834, sprouted a whole breed of new conventions for bank building in England, the empire, Europe and the US: glazed domes, clerestory lighting, magnificent banking halls and monumental stone façades. From the rigorously classical Second Bank of the United States in Philadelphia (1818), to the National Provincial Bank in Bishopsgate (1836), to the baroque extravanganza of the Bayersiche Hypotheken-und Wechselbank (1898) in Munich or the *fin de siècle* Crédit Lyonnais in Paris in 1908, the principles that Soane laid down for what a bank should be remained the same. In England branches—mock-tudor, turreted, gothick, or cottagey—became lesser versions.

Today, the US $10 bill still carries a picture of the Treasury. And you can still walk into, say, the splendid headquarters of the Midland Bank designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens at Poultry in the City of London, and sense the atmosphere of comforting largesse and gracious service among jade-green marble columns and mahogany counters.

The most celebrated case of a new bank building, without parallel since the war, has



Richard Bryant

Richard Rogers' building for Lloyd's insurance: a strong corporate statement

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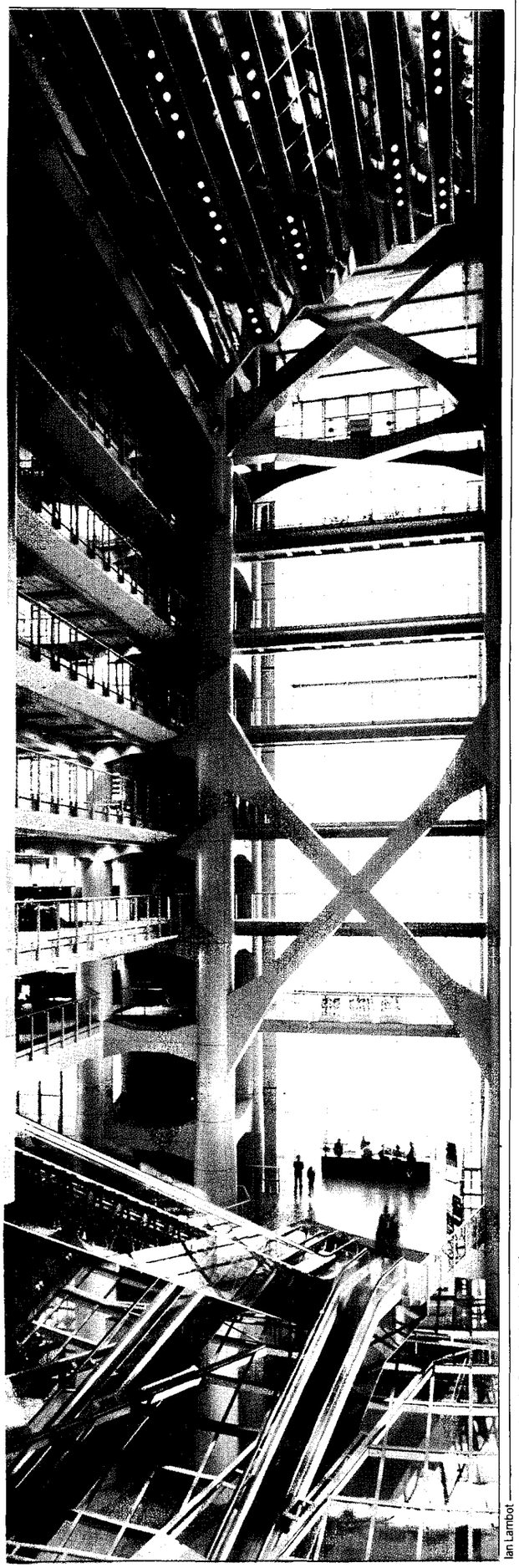

Ian Lambot

been the headquarters of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank designed by Sir Norman Foster and completed in 1985. Not only did this building fire a revolution in the design of highly serviced office buildings all over the world, it is an undisputed masterpiece. The final account on the creation of this architectural *tour de force* was, however, well over £800 million. What price do you put on popular exposure, especially in a culture where geomancy and superstition govern the styling and siting of buildings? On the back of all the territory's banknotes, in the forefront of millions of images of Hong Kong, on the cover of countless publications on the future of banking, the steel-masted image of that new building seized popular imagination in Hong Kong and stamped an indelible impression on boardrooms around the world.

But it may well be one of the last. One in seven households in the US bank with Citicorp, but how many could identify its upswept towered headquarters in Manhattan, so novel when it was completed in 1977? Barclays has deliberately not commissioned a bespoke building for its new headquarters in Lombard Street in the City of London. "We want a good-quality office building, with good-quality design and good-quality finishes," says David Turner of Barclays property services. "We don't want to be wedded to a building that says 'Barclays'." The company can fit out the inside in any way it wishes, and make its statement for important clients on the directors' floor.

This conservative approach reflects the huge change in British banking brought about not only by deregulation, but by changes in the world economy. Banks made their money in the mid-seventies by making loans to developing countries, while the profits of the eighties (at least until 1987's Black Monday) came from playing the international capital markets. But in the nineties banks are returning to basics: going out to the high street for the hard sell—deposits and loan accounts, credit cards, mortgages, insurance, pensions, stocks.

All the UK banking organisations, from the big clearing banks to the building societies, are pursuing identical design strategies to attract the high-street customer: they are getting rid of the fortress-type bank, lightening stone façades by replacing them with glass. Applying pastel colours, peach and pink and grey; revamping the graphics. It is currently estimated that in a dozen of Britain's main financial organisations a quarter- to half-a-billion pounds is being spent annually on property, including the refurbishment of 1,500 branches on a five- to ten-year cycle. And in the end, they all look the same. In the front are self-service machines, in the centre a reception area, beyond that a "sales and counselling" area. Secure tills have moved to the back. Homogenised, predictable, and plastic: most efforts end up looking like branches of Next or Burtons, or even airport lounges. This is hardly surprising since, even though most of the detailed design work is done in-house, strategies have been devised by the same large design consultancies (Fitch for the Midland and McColl and Wolff/Olins for the Halifax) which have been putting their stamps on the high street throughout the retail boom. Meanwhile, the paper processing that used to take place in branches will be centralised and staff reduced.

The buildings we know as banks are being reduced to mere retail outlets, the victims of the quick transaction

Banking with or without branches: Sir Norman Foster's high-tech masterpiece versus First Direct's extraordinary advertising

Last October's UK launch of First Direct, an offshoot of the Midland, took these trends to their logical extreme. This is an organisation so anonymous (it relies solely on its name rendered in black and white sanserif typography) that people ring up just to find out what it is. First Direct saves itself only by dispensing with branches and a fancy headquarters altogether. You phone it (at local rates) in Leeds to pay your bills or buy your travel insurance. (You get chamber music by the Academy of Ancient Music when you are put on hold.) First Direct's advertising has been saturating the south east, with its ubiquitous posters, television and cinema advertisements, and inserts in magazines and papers; the customers it wants—and is getting—are upwardly mobile professionals aged 25-45. Over a third of its customers earn more than £20,000 a year; 40 per cent are women.

Cash on tap 24 hours a day: the convenience is marvellous. Like anyone else, I avoid my bank as much as possible. But when I want serious advice about taking a big step with my money, I'm not sure I'll want to go to a bank that might as well be a beauty parlour. But I resent even more the way such enormous power is disguised beneath air-brushed corporate imagery. Come back the marbled halls.

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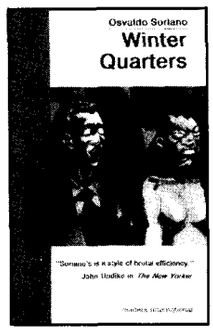
From Tango to Lambada.

New Writing, New Rhythms from The AMÉRICAS.

Winter Quarters (070) by Osvaldo Soriano, **Argentina**
'Soriano's is a style of brutal efficiency' John Updike in *The New Yorker*
'Forceful' *Guardian*



Latin American books FREE! from READERS INTERNATIONAL

Blues for a Lost Childhood (068) by Antônio Torres, **Brazil**
'A novel that must be read...psychological depth, remarkable imagery and tragic, absurd beauty.' *Los Angeles Times*

Put the *accent* in AMÉRICA. Sample RI's new rhythms from Latin America. Catch the jazzbeat of seething Rio and São Paulo, in Antônio Torres' *Blues for a Lost Childhood.* Know the drama of Argentina, in *Winter Quarters,* Osvaldo Soriano's rivetting assault on Peronism.

Both writers are well-known in English: Torres' *The Land* and Soriano's *A Funny Dirty Little War* won them critical acclaim and thousands of readers on both sides of the Atlantic in the late 80s. Now, Torres' *Blues* is Brazilian PEN's Novel of the Year, and Soriano's *Winter Quarters* has topped the bestseller list in Buenos Aires.

Forthcoming titles include Ariel Dorfman's *Hard Rain,* his new look at Chile in chaos and revolution; and Horacio Vázquez Rial's *Triste's History,* an intelligent thriller set within the world of the Latin American death squads.

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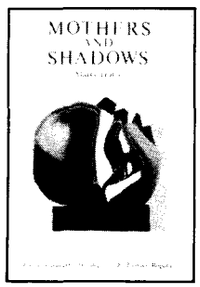
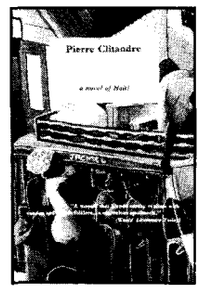
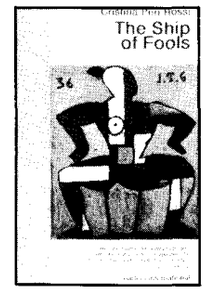


Mothers and Shadows (016) by Marta Traba, **Colombia**
'Remarkable contribution to new writing by women in Latin America' *Village Voice*



Cathedral of the August Heat (031) by Pierre Clitandre, **Haiti**
'Expresses the collective consciousness of Haiti's poorest' *NYTimes Bk Rev*



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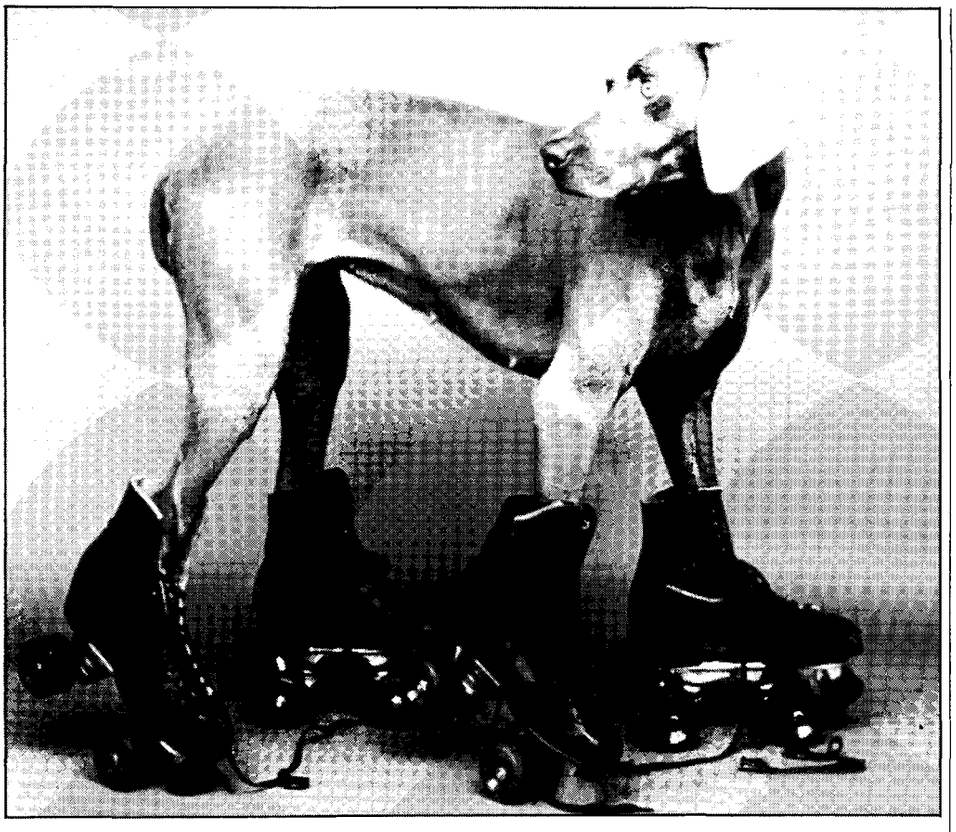

Art

Give a dog a rest

Ian Breakwell on the whimsical world of William Wegman

The morning before the opening of the **William Wegman** exhibition (ICA, The Mall, London SW1, until 2 September), I was cleaning out the basement of a house. In the cupboard I found a Victorian scrapbook of birthday cards featuring illustrations of dogs parodying human behaviour. Pug dogs in top-hats, morning coats and crinolines sat behind liveried spaniel coachmen in carriages drawn by Afghan hounds. A dog wearing a pink hat and white pleated skirt stood on its back legs looking up at a clown who had the national flag sewn to his chest. Flanked by Zulu assistants in minstrel costume, a dog dressed as Hamlet held a skull in his right paw and barked out the appropriate speech.

En route to the ICA, I turned the corner past the Pampered Pets Dog Grooming Parlour and walked through the park. The parched grass was plastered with dog shit reeking under the summer sun. Barking, snarling dogs chased each other in circles. Muscle-bound men in tracksuits strutted their bull terriers. A woman walking six dogs on six leads watched benignly as each dog in turn added steaming turds and pools of piss to the midden that had once been a green, open space. In the centre of the park

Spot the difference: Man Ray (top) swamped in philosophical dogma, and the anthropomorphic caricature of the Victorian postcard (above)

was a metal cage 15 feet square and a council notice saying: "No dogs in here. This is a children's play area." What splendidly British priorities: cage the children and let the savage dogs roam free.

The reality of dogs and their owners being a tiresome social nuisance sits uneasily beside the fantasy still promoted by the advertising industry, postcard shops and Walt Disney of man's fawning best friend, a loveable rascal and child-substitute with near-human attributes. It is the latter theme of anthropomorphic caricature which William Wegman has most notably explored.

In Concept Art shows in the early seventies, Wegman, like many other artists at the time, often employed photography and video to portray visual puns, riddles and gags which mocked both the mass media's grandiose production values and the art world's po-faced self-importance. Wegman's witty *Falling Glass* (1972) is a typical example of the genre. In staged photographic tableaux such as *Little/Big* (1970), in which two almost identical men strike mock heroic poses with garden tools of different sizes, Wegman created curiously disturbing visual conundrums. He retains this ability, as in his triple portrait of a hapless child with sinisterly draped *Foster Parents* (1984). However, while Wegman was acquiring a reputation for cool, offbeat humour he also acquired a dog which he coyly named Man Ray. The inquisitive hound persistently disrupted Wegman's studio set-ups, so the artist made the dog and its successor, Fay Ray, the stars of his photographs. Thenceforth, Wegman's career took off.

Wegman wraps his dogs in tinsel, aluminium foil, zebra-skin and lamé drapes, dresses them in wigs, ball gowns, "Red Indian" head-dress, roller skates, high-heels and aqua-flippers, drenches them in talc, ties them up with string, tastefully makes them up with rouge, nail varnish and false eyelashes, adds theatrical props, then proceeeds to records the doggy tableaux in large-format glossy Polaroids reminiscent of fashion plates.

In isolation, such vignettes as *Ray Bat* (1980), in which the canine star hovers inanely on the ceiling, have a playful absurdity. But see dog after dog in increasingly mannered variations on similar role reversals, enshrined in formal frames in the white cube of the gallery, and the joke wears thin. Similarly, Wegman's sketchbook doodles are presented in a way that lends them undue importance. Hang the albatross label "Retrospective" round the show's neck, add a deluxe catalogue full of ponderous philosophical justifications and the whole enterprise becomes swamped by hype. Over-inflating his lightweight jokes does the artist no favours.

The exhibition publicity repeatedly invokes Surrealism, a banal equation of mere zaniness with the subversive black humour which was one facet of the Surrealist blueprint for overturning all social and moral conventions. The cumulative effect of Wegman's dog pictures is kitsch, sentimental and ingratiatingly cute.

Some recent, wishy-washy paintings, lacking the elegant precision characteristic of Wegman's best photographs, hint that he seeks a change of direction. The obvious one—get rid of that dumb mutt, may be more than he or his dog-loving public could tolerate. But visual humorists are rare, and Wegman's gentle, ironic eye deserves more demanding subject-matter.

The great American satirist Ambrose Bierce reputedly carried a shotgun to shoot stray dogs on sight. Now there was a real humorist.

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Film

Faith in fakes

Suzanne Moore on rehearsed pleasure

Kamikaze Hearts: refutes the idea that sexuality is a magical essence through the character of porn star and junkie Mitch (above)

Whoever would have thought, back in the late sixties when underground film-maker John Waters was making such cult classics as *Eat Your Makeup* and *Mondo Trasho*, that 20 years later he would be reinventing the Hollywood musical? For that is what **Cry-Baby**, his new film, is. But then looking back, despite the delirious bad taste of much of his work, there has always been something fundamentally good-natured about his films.

In the flesh, the "pope of trash" oozes sense and sensibilities in a manner that is totally charming. When he recently appeared at the NFT to talk about his work, the audience went wild, treating him more like a pop star than a film director. There, he explained that he found his move into the mainstream (with *Hairspray* and now *Cry-Baby*) ultimately more challenging than continuing to make deliberately outrageous films.

Certainly, his recent films will find new audiences who have never even heard of his leading lady, Divine, but there will be others who yearn for the old John Waters touches. There are even fewer of them in *Cry-Baby* than there were in *Hairspray*. The movie itself, a parody of a juvenile delinquent love story, is as light as candyfloss. Despite its inspired casting against type—with Patty Hearst playing an ultra-straight middle-class mum and ex-porn star Traci Lords playing her rebellious teenage daughter; Iggy Pop; teen-idol Johnny Depp; and even Norman Mailer's son—it is a familiar girl meets boy from the wrong side of the tracks story. She is a "square", he is a "drape", and the two sides battle it out.

It's all good, clean fun, which is the last thing I thought I'd ever say about a John Waters movie. But it's also a bit too knowing, too self-consciously culty to be really successful. Mind you, this kind of self-conscious sending up of send-ups is currently in vogue. The revival of the *Rocky Horror Show* and Frankie Howerd's recent sell-out performances are further examples: audience participation depends not so much on spontaneous enjoyment but on a kind of rehearsed pleasure.

Rehearsed pleasure is also at the core of Juliet Bashore's extraordinary **Kamikaze Hearts**. Featuring the tabloid trinity of lesbians, junkies and porn stars, *Kamikaze Hearts* is underground film-making of the highest order, complete with Warholesque, self-obsessed starlets. Does this mean in 20 years from now Bashore will be also producing slick Hollywood fodder? I sincerely hope not.

The film looks likes a documentary based on the lives of two women who work in the porn industry. But soon it becomes clear that some scenes have been set up for the camera. In fact the camera is no objective observer but an integral part of the central character Mitch's life. She is a tough, streetwise veteran of sex shows and porn movies who seems to live only to be filmed—"I don't know whether I'm more truth or fiction." Mitch is constantly performing—"I am permanently a personality", continually camping and vamping to the camera. This both frustrates and fascinates her lover Tigr, who wants to find out whether their "porno-romance" is real. The first time the two women made love was as part of a porn film.

Kamikaze Hearts is ostensibly about their affair, the difficulty of trying to work out their lives in the midst of the sex industry. This is further complicated by their regular drug use. Tigr was first attracted to Mitch's sophistication—she knew how to use a needle—and now both women are dependent on drugs. Yet Bashore never moralises. And though the hot subjects of pornography and lesbianism are the backdrops to the film, *Kamikaze Hearts* isn't really about them.

Unsurprisingly, it has already upset the positive images brigade. Mitch and Tigr are certainly not sharing, caring, successful, woman-identified-women. For god's sake, they work in the porn industry! But nor are they victims. It's obvious that they work for the money but then who hasn't done a shitty job just for the money?

The scenes shot on the set of a sleazy porn flick are notionally funny but also disturbing. There is the make-up artist busy covering pimples on arses who says nonchalantly, "I have never seen anything erotic in the 400 films I've worked on". There is the actress who refuses to do a scene in the presence of the obnoxious, medallioned producer. And there is the actor who refuses to be fellated twice when he has only been paid for one cum shot.

Halfway through all this Mitch has to do a rape scene which is as horrible and sordid as you might imagine. Yet somehow Tigr strives to maintain a relationship with her, to get to know the real Mitch, though she worries: "She fucks off camera the same way she fucks on camera—you don't know what's real."

What Tigr wants from Mitch is some kind of truth, something more than an image. In the last scene, which is an emotional showdown, one expects to see them actually making love instead of performing. Instead they shoot up together and ramble incoherently. Like pornography itself, the film promises the one big act, the one scene that will make the whole thing right, but never delivers it. Juliet Bashore makes us painfully aware of our voyeurism.

She plays on our confusion about sexual honesty. Mitch is constantly naked but totally self-possessed. We know nothing of her though she talks about herself all the time. What Bashore shows us is not intrinsic to pornography but rather part of our whole sexual ideology. She overturns the idea that sexuality is a magical essence that is somehow the truest part of our beings—that we are most ourselves when we are having sex. Here sex is a game, a performance, a way of earning a living. There is nothing natural about it. Despite what we might like to think, it has nothing to do with the notion of an essential self.

Sex offers no guarantees, no truth, no reality separate from its image. And, least of all, love.

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A philosopher giving that Lecture on the Orrery/Joseph Wright of Derby

The pleasures of science: the Orrery, designed to demonstrate the wonders of the universe

Anatomy of progress

THE IDEA OF PROGRESS IN 18TH CENTURY BRITAIN
David Spadafora
Yale University Press £22.50

Roy Porter

What is modernity? When did it begin? Impossible questions. But surely there's something in suggesting that attitudes and actions underwent profound change at the point when public opinion escaped from the shadows of things past, and transferred its allegiance to the prospects of the future. After all, through most of recorded history, the scope of the possible has been straitjacketed by ancestral primal scenes: original sin, the state of nature, the golden age, the glory that was Greece. The mythic authority of origins has been overwhelming: witness the heroic acts of recovering lost truths, lost innocence, embodied in the very terms Renaissance and Reformation.

It was during the 18th century that the gaze swivelled forward. Enlightenment propagandists made bold to throw off the shackles of tradition and the dead hand of antiquity. Mankind had to stand on its own two feet. Dare to know, Kant challenged, tingle with the shock of the new. Above all, belief in progress was proclaimed.

Historians of the idea of progress have long mapped out a standard lineage. The notion was conceived in France, with the "knowledge is power" faith preached by Diderot and d'Alembert's *Encyclopédie*. It then came of age in the French revolution, especially in Condorcet's science-fiction utopianism, with its prophecies of the conquest of death and the perfectibility of man. Finally it reached maturity in Victorian England, under the championship of Herbert Spencer, Samuel Smiles, and the biological underpinning provided by Darwin.

Not the least virtue of David Spadafora's richly documented study is that it revises this pedigree of progress by stressing the seminal importance of the intellectual ferments of 18th century Britain. Spadafora meticulously unravels the complex genealogy of the idea, showing how it reflected the practical experiences of Britons under the Georges, and their swelling sense of a manifest national destiny.

Had not despotism been overthrown, freedom secured and enlarged? Were not riches accumulating, commerce flourishing, the empire expanding? Printing and the freedom of the press were demonstrably speeding the march of mind. The "Battle of the Books" concluded that the moderns certainly knew more than the ancients, not least the art of knowing itself, or scientific method. Newton was deified as the supreme symbol of science's untold potential for improvement, while technology was perfecting the steam engine, promising boundless power over nature. Long before Charles Darwin, his grandfather, Erasmus, painted a euphoric picture of inevitable evolution.

Such panoramas of progress were underwritten by a new philosophy of man himself. No longer seen as sunk in sin, or dwarfed by the achievements of the ancients, human nature was now represented, above all in John Locke's philosophy, as rich in potential. The mind was a faculty infinitely capable of learning by experience, infinitely educable, adaptable and improvable. The child of circumstances, man could, in turn, change his environment and thereby transform himself still further.

Conspicuously rapid social change confirmed the vision. Above all, Scottish philosophers celebrated the withering away of feudal, clannish "barbarity", and the triumph of "politeness" (classically in Edinburgh's "New Town"). David Hume and Adam Smith pinpointed the roles of culture and urbanity in effecting the transition from "rudeness to refinement"—or, in less reverent terms, the saga of how savages turned into Scotsmen. Even theology offered its mite: was not Christianity itself shedding its superstitions and growing more rational? Had not missionaries reached Melanesia? The very notion of progress towards earthly perfection might be the true reading of the old poetic theology of Heaven.

Spadafora's case is convincing. It reinforces the findings of the many socio-cultural historians who have been drawing attention to the bubbling, zestful, upbeat mood of Georgian Britain on the brink of industrialisation.

The disappointment of this book, however, is that Spadafora has diligently dug up and displayed his shards of evidence, and then rested on his spade. He shows little urge to tease out, at deeper levels, what the promotion of this fresh vision of human destiny actually meant.

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What was the "cash value" of the new faith in the future? What hidden agenda did it carry?

One need not be a cynic, or a doctrinaire Marxist ferret of false consciousness, to sense certain contradictions. After all, the much-trumpeted "progress" did not in actuality spell a better tomorrow for large segments of the nation. "Progress" meant regress for highland crofters, English smallholders displaced by enclosure, large sectors of the new urban proletariat and, above all, the swelling army of paupers, increasingly barracked in progressive workhouses and progressive prisons. As Maureen McNeil aptly emphasises in *Under the Banner of Science* (1986), Erasmus Darwin, prince of the prophets of progress, celebrated technology, the factory and the great entrepreneurs as forgers of the future, but said nary a word about the plight of the industrial workforce.

The shibboleth of progress carried ambiguous messages equivalent to those that "development" and "modernisation" today foist upon the "underdeveloped" world. In the name of "no alternative" iron laws of competition, it could legitimate exploitative change, the erosion of popular rights and customs. It could rationalise austerity today by offering a better tomorrow which too often proved a mirage. Hence, and *prima facie* paradoxically, the politics of progress were as conservative as they were progressive. At the turn of the 19th century, Malthus's *Essay on the Principles of Population* classically argued that the material progess of the previous age proved the folly and futility of French revolutionary radicalism.

To suggest "progress: what crimes are committed in thy name!" might be overdramatic. But we shouldn't forget that "progress" was the stalking-horse of particular sectional interests—a point very well understood by the great ideological iconoclast, William Cobbett, to say nothing of Blake and his fellow Romantics. Spadafora's anatomy of progress sells short the living power of ideas, and neglects the complex warfares in which they are engaged.

Spirit of '68

BAD ATTITUDE: THE "PROCESSED WORLD" ANTHOLOGY
Chris Carlson (editor), with Mark Leger
Verso £11.95

Sheila Rowbotham

Processed World magazine, produced in San Francisco from 1981, is libertarian in outlook and full of zany graphics. This anthology brings together a selection of articles and cartoons about sabotage and subversion in the land of the Californian microchip.

It is rare for British readers to hear the views of workers from Del Monte, Watsonville Canning Company, Systems Software or Kelly Girls. The Silicon Valley proletariat are given steam baths and saunas, but they do not know each other's wages and thus are comparable to car workers in Luton before unionisation in the 1930s or unorganised clothing workers now. *Processed World* is uninhibited about traditional notions of who is the *bona fide* working class. It is also well aware of the importance of the means of information and the relationships they generate in employment. It wants a trade union movement which can respond flexibly to the changes in work. The bizarrely named Lucius Cabins records the struggle of radical welfare workers to use their skills to help welfare recipients, for example.

The libertarian emphasis on subjectivity makes for a direct style of writing—a welcome relief from the impenetrable prose of some Marxist academics in the States these days. Linda Thomas's "It's a Business Doing Pleasure with You", about how she learned to survive marketing sex by withdrawing sensation, could be a metaphor for daily life in a big city.

Being libertarian, *Processed World* eschews a line and prints all manner of letters from secretaries, VDU operators, even an engineering employer, Walter E. Wallis.

Lack of a line makes for heavy work for a reviewer, of course: there's no real argument to grasp or conclusion to infer. It is absolutely clear who are the enemies, though: bosses, the state, "fashionable idiocies" of the academic left, Leninist vanguards. A historical tradition emerges, too: the Luddites (who have received an unfair bashing and were, as *Processed World* maintains, a sensible lot), the anarcho-syndicalists, the Industrial Workers of the World, the Italian far left of the early 1970s.

These libertarian rebels were certainly heroic and inspiring, but the shortcomings in their politics have been evident whenever attempts have been made to put these into practice. *Processed World* simply ignores the difficulties which they ran into and the debates which preoccupied many US radicals throughout the seventies and eighties.

The letter writers, however, do not. They are frequently pressing for assessment and analysis. "Your present is more obscure than your past and its clarification...would be more interesting." Confusion about project and expectations "seems less and less 'innocent' and more like a flight from consciousness".

The letter writers protest but the contributors do not debate contradictory problems. Each set of assumptions floats in an autonomous space. So there is no sense of development, synthesis or strategy. Occasionally unease surfaces. How can one maintain a revolutionary perspective and not be a vanguard? Is the aim to eliminate work or make work more creative? Should unions be politically pure, or should they simply defend their members effectively? These are real old chestnuts for anarchists and socialists. But they are nonetheless important. Linda Thomas is frank about the weakness of libertarianism—knowing what you oppose but not what you are for:

"When I hawk *Processed World* on the streets and people often angrily ask me what alternative I have to Wage Slavery. I always tell them the truth (honest politics) that I don't know of any."

Processed World eschews the politics of transition. There is simply resistance, followed by utopia. Quite frankly, Lucius Cabins's utopia sounds alarmingly demanding. Evidently I am to be planting or harvesting one month, building houses the next, programming computers and playing music in between. As I can't do any of these at present, *Processed World*'s proposals for utopia bring on an acute feeling of stress and inadequacy.

Inoculation from other bits of the American left means *Processed World* has retained a vital conviction in the power of human beings to act and change the world. The spirit of '68 stalks on. But surely something has been learned in the intervening decades—human agency, however defiant, is not enough. That old wage slavery is a mighty tough system.

Uses of diagrams

ENVISIONING INFORMATION
Edward R. Tufte
Obtainable by mail order from Graphics Press, PO Box 8, Godalming, Surrey GU7 3HB, £30

Peter Campbell

Scanning the pages of *Envisioning Information*, an "unsavoury exhibit... chocablock with cliché and stereotype" catches the eye. It is a graph labelled "Diamonds *were* a Girl's Best Friend". The rise and fall of the dollar price of a flawless one-carat stone is plotted as a thick pink line following the fishnet-stockinged leg of a busty chorine. The diagram stands for all Edward R. Tufte dislikes in "chartjunk". It is "data thin (and thus uncontextual)", it "mixes up changes in the value of money with changes in diamond prices". "Lurking behind chartjunk," Tufte says, "is contempt both for information and for the audience."

Abundant, accurate and richly interrelated information, and graphics which display its pattern are what he reveres. Many of his examples show that including more detail gives not just a truer, but also a more understandable image. A summary is often a caricature. Tufte shows a globe surrounded by a cloud of little squares, each of which represents one of the 7,000 pieces of rubbish of more than 10cm diameter which rocketeering has put into space. They are monitored assiduously in case re-entrant debris be read by early-warning systems as a missile. The point is only made if the map is complete.

In an annotated hospital bill—a long column of itemised tests, drugs and medical procedures—entitled "The Slow, Costly Death of Mrs K", the commercialisation of American medicine is effectively criticised by the relentless clocking up of invasive and expensive procedures during the 26 days it took Mrs K to die.

More cheerfully, elegant Japanese population

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CRIMINAL ACTIVITY OF GOVERNMENT INFORMANTS

CRIME	CARDINALE	LOFARO	MALONEY	POLISI	SENATORE	FORONJY	CURRO
MURDER	X	X					
ATTEMPTED MURDER		X	X				
HEROIN POSSESSION AND SALE	X	X		X			X
COCAINE POSSESSION AND SALE	X		X	X			
MARIJUANA POSSESSION AND SALE							X
GAMBLING BUSINESS		X		X		X	
ARMED ROBBERIES	X		X	X	X		X
LOANSHARKING		X		X			
KIDNAPPING			X	X			
EXTORTION			X	X			
ASSAULT	X		X	X			X
POSSESSION OF DANGEROUS WEAPONS	X	X	X	X	X		X
PERJURY		X				X	
COUNTERFEITING					X	X	
BANK ROBBERY			X	X			
ARMED HIJACKING				X	X		
STOLEN FINANCIAL DOCUMENTS			X	X	X		
TAX EVASION				X		X	
BURGLARIES	X	X		X	X		
BRIBERY		X		X			
THEFT: AUTO, MONEY, OTHER			X	X	X	X	X
BAIL JUMPING AND ESCAPE			X	X			
INSURANCE FRAUDS					X	X	
FORGERIES				X	X		
PISTOL WHIPPING A PRIEST	X						
SEXUAL ASSAULT ON MINOR							X
RECKLESS ENDANGERMENT							X

maps distinguish child-rich suburbs from the older population of the inner city on a scale which would allow you to identify the 1km grid square which included your neighbourhood. Add a linear dimension to represent time, and the elliptical orbits of the moons of Jupiter corkscrew down the page; this image comes at the end of a sequence which begins with a page from one of Galileo's notebooks.

Tufte is pleased to note the red "top secret" stamp applied by Japanese military intelligence to a pre-war Javanese railway schedule. Similar plots of time against distance, which let one see where each train should be in relation to all its contemporaries, now stream from the computers which prepare timetables for Japanese high-speed trains.

Graphics (like most of those on television and many in the press) which are a symbol-for-word mimicry of quantitative information in the daily news give only poster-like illustrations as the pound flutters up or poverty black spots blacken. These are an insult to the human skills which allow us "to thrive in an information-thick world" through our "marvellous and everyday capacities to select, edit, single out, structure [and so on for seven lines] information".

Complex graphics are portraits which allow of many interpretations. Topographic maps, for example, so information-rich that only national governments can support their production, display the ups and downs of landscape, bogs and forests, bridle paths and motorways, public buildings and private ones, the tidal reach of an estuary and the screes and crags of high mountains. (One of Tufte's most exquisite illustrations is a detail from a sheet produced by the Swiss equivalent of the Ordnance Survey. Here meticulous attention to production pays off: where most books would reproduce a photograph of the map Tufte has obtained the original film and printed it in its proper black, ochre, pale blue, green and grey to show how subtle the ordering and layering of information can be.)

When topographic maps provide the base for other surveys (land use, geology), or are used by planners or botanists or walkers or rally drivers for their specific purposes, new marks (a felt-tip drawn route or boundary, for example) prove the portrait's potential to take on many characters; at the same time the balance of information is destroyed.

Mapping social, historical, scientific and economic data requires as much care as land mapping. It matters, because diagrams change minds. Tufte illustrates a table (see above) setting out the criminal activities of the government informers who gave evidence against John Gotti in a racketeering case. Names (Cardinale, Lofaro, Maloney...) are checked off against a list of crimes. Cardinale's starts with a cross in the murder column and finishes with one against "pistol whipping a priest". No name column contains fewer than six crosses. This table was the last piece of evidence the jury requested for re-examination. Gotti was acquitted.

Life in Romania

EXIT: A ROMANIAN STORY
Richard Wagner (translated by Quinton Hoare)
Verso £6.95 paperback/£24.95 hardback

Fleur Adcock

If you wanted to write a subversive poem in Ceausescu's Romania you could slip the word "queue" into it. Queues, officially, did not exist: there were no shortages; people were not hungry, or cold, or spied on by informers. The regime wanted a realistic literature, but "it was the regime that decided what was realistic. What you yourself regarded as realistic was then seen as unrealistic, it was hostile to the state or anti-socialist. Words were two-faced."

The voice describing this looking-glass world of contradictions and corruption in Richard Wagner's novel is that of Stirner, an ethnic German writer living in Timisoara. Wagner himself was born near Timisoara in 1952 and emigrated to West Germany in 1987, after being in trouble with the Securitate. As a novel (or rather a novella: half of its 111 pages are less than half-full of text), *Exit* reads thinly. Stirner is an undisguised mouthpiece for the author, and there are no other characters worth the name: Sabine, Stirner's wife, is barely present, and the other figures who flicker through the

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narrative are mostly just types. Not a lot happens.

But the book scarcely pretends to be fiction. What it does brilliantly is to set out, in a succession of flat, concise vignettes, what life was like for writers in Romania until not very long ago. Stirner writes in German and declares an aversion to Romanian (as the state language), but his experiences parallel those of the Romanian-language writers: manuscripts wait endlessly for approval by the "Cultural Commission"; editors have to be bribed with a share of royalties, and printers with a few bottles; incongruous sentences praising the Party's latest campaign are liable to be inserted into an article without the author's permission. Then there is self-censorship, the "virus" that makes a writer skirt round anything dangerous.

And of course there are also the bleakness and deprivation common to all: "the days without bread, the evenings without electricity, the next load of media garbage... the next checking of papers..." Ceausescu regarded the Romanian Germans as "a commodity to be sold" to the Federal Republic for bounty payments. The novel ends with Stirner and Sabine applying for passports.

A few weeks ago I made a brief visit to a Saxon village in Transylvania which its German-speaking population is in the process of abandoning after 800 years. The pretty little ornamented houses are being vandalised by gypsies, who move in when their owners have left. The handsome Lutheran church was robbed recently; the middle-aged woman who showed us around it was about to join her son and his family in Nuremberg. There are more ways of demolishing a community than by the bulldozer.

This is heartbreaking to see; but the alternatives, if Ceausescu had remained in power, would have been even more so. At least these people, like Stirner/Wagner, had somewhere to go. For the ethnic Romanian there was no exit.

The sense of an ending

WHY DID THE HEAVENS NOT DARKEN?: THE FINAL SOLUTION IN HISTORY
Arno J. Mayer
Verso £12.95 paperback/£39.95 hardback
ALL OR NOTHING: THE AXIS AND THE HOLOCAUST 1941-1943
Jonathan Steinberg
Routledge £20
PETAIN'S CRIME
Paul Webster
Macmillan £18.95

Nicholas Richardson

The extermination of European Jewry may defy description. It should not escape analysis. These three books are concerned to put the Holocaust back into history where it belongs.

As Mayer points out, the term "Holocaust" is itself loaded. His long and ambitious book carries the subversive subtext that a proper understanding of the Judeocide, as he prefers to call it, is threatened less by those who simply deny that it happened, the men who kill memory, in Vidal-Naquet's phrase, than by those who embalm it.

Mayer argues that Hitler grafted a holy war on to a general crisis, the breakdown of a stable political and cultural order in Europe in the years after 1914. But the war was not against the Jews. They were an ancillary target. It was against Bolshevism. Operation Barbarossa was to be the last crusade. When Pope Urban preached the first, the crusaders who were to deliver the holy places from the infidel turned on the Jews first. In the Rhineland in 1096, just as in Russia after 1941, they were to hand—and they were helpless.

Most historians agree, at the very least, that the extermination of the Jews was decided on some time after June 1941. Mayer is original, though, in tying it to military stalemate (the delayed capture of Kiev in November 1941, the failure to take Moscow in December) rather than success. There had been a massive killing of the Jews during the advance; but in the Baltic states and the Ukraine these had been "wild" programmes carried out by enthusiatic nationals and even for the SS extermination squads who followed the army the Jews were one target among many. Yet sometime between the winter of 1941 and the spring of 1942 the switches were set for the Final Solution.

Whether or not Hitler took the decision himself is immaterial. The responsibility goes beyond any individual. In 1933 the German establishment backed Hitler on a programme of anti-communism, national renewal and territorial expansion. Connivance became complicity and then cooperation.

The Italian establishment had backed Mussolini for much the same reasons in 1922. But when it came to the killing of Jews they refused to pay the price of their entrance ticket. Steinberg's book begins with the spontaneous protest of junior officers in the Italian army against the anti-semitic outrages of their Croatian allies. That was summer 1941. A year later this protest has become a "national conspiracy" to save Jews. What was extraordinary was not just that the Italians protected their own Jews, but that both in the Balkans and the zone they occupied in France they saved foreign Jews, too.

It is an admirable story, accurately told. But this is only the half of it. What really interests Steinberg is why the Italian establishment reacted almost *en bloc*, dragging the Duce along with them, whereas German protests against Nazi treatment of the Jews were so private as to be imperceptible. The Fascist regime was brutal in practice and *macho* in principle. The Italian army, which played a major part in saving the Jews, had a track record of atrocities in colonial wars, and indeed in the Balkans. And as the short-lived Republic of Salò showed, Italy did not lack anti-semites.

Steinberg is too good a historian to give a single answer. Instead he sets up a series of hypotheses which are the more fruitful the nearer they relate to the contrast of political culture and codes of behaviour.

Of course, the simplest explanation would be sheer opportunism. Most Italians knew by 1942 that the war was lost. Saving Jews (and as the Germans suspected, winning cash prizes) might be one way of buying their way into the winners' club.

This was the kind of calculation Pétain's regime made. Only in their case it involved killing Jews, not saving them. Vichy gambled on German victory. Collaboration, while clinging to a phantom sovereignty, was the price they were willing to pay for a seat at the New Order's top table. So French police, in the occupied zone, played a vital part in rounding up Jews for slaughter and in the south the Vichy government both anticipated and over-fulfilled German pressure for deportees. It is an unlovely story, and one can understand Paul Webster's indignation in *Pétain's Crime*: the more so because what Henry Rousso calls the "Vichy Syndrome" has made successive French governments unwilling to acknowledge it.

In the last resort, Steinberg reckons, Italian behaviour towards the Jews "rested on certain assumptions about what being Italian meant, not always explicit, nevertheless widely understood". The French had such assumptions about themselves, too. But Vichy showed them to be shabbily exclusive. The Jews, even French Jews, were a race apart. They were expendable.

An ageing black street punk

THE LATE CANDIDATE
Mike Phillips
Michael Joseph £12.99

Adewale Maja-Pearce

"Aston was my childhood friend, my homeboy. What had been done to him was done to me." The "me" in this case is Sam Dean, a freelance journalist and self-styled "ageing black street punk" (he should be so lucky!), who sets out to solve the murder of Aston Edwards, rising star of the local Labour council. In the process, he uncovers the usual network of corruption in the town hall—inflated contracts, Swiss bank accounts, holiday villas in Spain—but not before we have been given an exhaustive tour of the seamier side of London life.

The question of "race" runs as a thread through the narrative, though it would be demeaning to call this a "black" thriller, always assuming such an awkward hybrid exists in the first place. The story is the thing, but the facts of London life, to say nothing of Labour Party politics, enable the author to make some acute observations:

"Political groups in a minority always put themselves at the centre of their universe, and

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Authors

The publisher rejecting "The Spy That Came In From The Cold", said "Le Carré has no future". Fleming was told that "James Bond will never sell!" Orwell's Animal Farm was rejected as "Animal stories don't sell in the USA".

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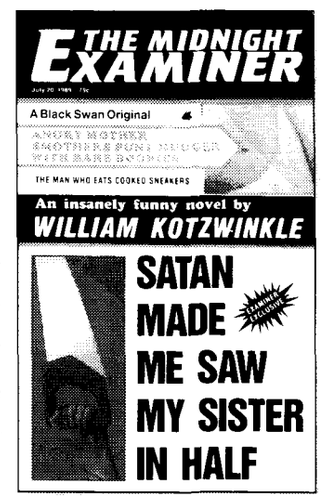
What happens next? Now that would be telling. But throw into this mêlée an Egyptian tomb robber and a voodoo sorceress in debt to the New York Central Trust and BINGO!!! – zany confusion comes ricocheting off every page. Several questions have still to be answered. Will 'TRASHY JOURNALISTS SAVE PORN QUEEN'? Will pen prove mightier than semi-automatic? Will anybody please tell me what Mr Kotzwinkle is on and would he please pass it around!!!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every kind of event became part of a carefully orchestrated plan to do all of them down."

This is a typical, and refreshing, comment, and this in spite of the author's occasional lapse—"ageing black street punk"—into a self-indulgent romanticism. In the tradition of the American thriller ("Could have come from the pen of the master, Raymond Chandler," the blurb informs us), Sam Dean is sufficiently world-weary to dispense with the kinds of lies and fabrications which—in Britain at least—give succour to the which-cricket-team-do-you-support lobby.

The author clearly has no time for humbug, and yet there are moments of unexpected poignancy, for instance in the description of our hero's relationship with his son:

"I was black and I'd always be an immigrant, exiled from paradise, full of complex and contradictory loyalties. Half of him was white, and he'd grown up knowing he was an Englishman. The only bit of it which made any sense was that we loved each other."

This relationship is thrown into greater relief by the corruptions which at least one "ageing black street punk" manages to unearth along the trail that leads to his friend's killer. It's a pity, though, after so much careful groundwork, including an exhaustive knowledge of local council bureaucracy, that the ending should be so weak. Or that his prose should sometimes let him down:

"'You know something,' he said. 'You're a survivor. I used to admire that, but it's like you died years ago, and now you're like a ghost, a bundle of memories and frustrated desires haunting the city.'"

Chandler would never have permitted such a lapse, but then Chandler was careful not to identify too closely with his creation.

Impotence or omnipotence

THE DON GIOVANNI BOOK: MYTHS OF SEDUCTION AND BETRAYAL
Jonathan Miller (editor)
Faber £6.99

Lucasta Miller

Unhealthy though it sounds, *Don Giovanni* was my teenage obsession. Its anti-hero was a dark romantic, smouldering with Faustian hubris. I thought, like Mahler, that the final sextet compromised its tragic grandeur and should be expunged. Now I'd rather see the Don as buttressing his basic impotence (to go by his frustrated performance in the opera) with infantile illusions of omnipotence. But however you perceive him, you can't deny the fascination of this ambivalent character.

Jonathan Miller's *The Don Giovanni Book* is a collection of essays more or less related to the opera (mostly less) and the myths surrounding it, which attempt to suggest some contexts in which this disturbing work can be understood. Compared to the dramatic unity and neat social realism of *Figaro, Don Giovanni* seems contorted in plot and fragmented in characterisation, and Miller, having confronted these problems while staging it, is after some answers.

Contributions from Robert Darnton, Malcolm Baker and the ubiquitous Roy Porter (how does he do it?) are straightforwardly historical-contextual. Porter takes us on a lively, anecdotal romp through 18th century sexual laxity. Rousseau, Erasmus Darwin and Natural Man gave, if casuistically exploited, philosophical weight to promiscuity. Lord Carlisle, fearing an attack of gout, suspected it was the price he had to pay for his inactivity: "I believe I live too chaste." Sex was not only good for your health. One Scottish minister, believing it was good for your soul too, published *An Essay on improving... Great Britain... by Fornication.* Not everyone could, like Augustus the strong, notch up 354 bastards, but doing it was definitely in.

If Porter offers an overview, Darnton narrows the focus in his discussion of the extraordinary memoirs of an obscure Parisian *sans-culotte.* Jacques Ménétra's dirty diary is a bizarre document, conflating fact and fantasy. Analysing Ménétra's accounts of sharing a whore with a couple of friends, Darnton gives an interesting gloss on *fraternité.* Ménétra may have taken *libertés.* But one wonders if the nameless whore could claim *égalité.*

If Darnton's writing is less punchy than Porter's, Baker's is drably academic. His subject—funerary sculpture—is fascinating if you look at the morbid photos of revolting syphilitic waxworks. But his analysis of the motivating psychology (desire for eternal fame plus fear of carnal corruption) is unsophisticated. And the paragraph about *Don Giovanni*'s Commendatore, tacked on at the end, is lame.

Peter Gay, predictably, psychoanalyses Mozart's opera. I didn't know people still went in for dogmatically Freudian "diagnoses" of literary characters. They ought to stop, especially if they're as simplistic as this.

A more sophisticated critical approach is apparent in Lawrence Lipking's exploration of the *donna abbandonata* as a literary type, which nicely contextualises Donna Elvira. Jane Miller's literary sensitivity (she writes on seduction) is hampered, however, by her abrupt, didactic, academic style. Sentences that begin, "Foucault, who taught us..." make me cringe.

Peter Conrad and Marina Warner don't go in for blind guru-worship like this. Conrad treats the Don Juan myth with his usual panache. And Warner chooses *Les Liaisons Dangereuses,* including its recent cinematic treatment, for her searching—and very readable—piece.

The final essay, by Joseph Kerman, a music professor who modestly disclaims his critical abilities, is the only one that really engages with the text and score of the opera. There are some real insights here.

On the whole, the book shows how difficult it is to write flexible critical prose without falling into academicism. The subject is seductive, but the treatment doesn't charm. It reads too much like an Open University set text.

The Cuban colossus

CASTRO
Sebastian Balfour
Longman £6.50 paperback/£13.95 hardback

Nigel Townson

No third world leader has played as prominent and varied a role on the international stage over the last three decades as Fidel Castro. Equally, none has remained in power so long or retained such genuine popularity with his own people. And if few have matched his daring, boundless energy and self-confidence, still fewer still have shown such astute political judgment or possessed such charisma. But in the light of recent developments in eastern Europe, Cuba's rigid state centralism and Castro's personalisation of power look increasingly misguided.

Despite his later claim to have been inspired by Marxist-Leninism, Castro's rise to power was rooted more in a patriotic populism that was derived from the 19th century Cuban revolutionary, José Marti. In other words, Castro was motivated by pan-American nationalism rather than Marx's class struggle. In this study, Balfour not only shows how Castro emerged out of the anti-colonial struggle of the postwar period, but he also provides an excellent account of the nature and gradual breakdown of the Cuban *ancien régime.*

In analysing Castro's astonishing overthrow of the United States-backed dictatorship, and his defiance of US subversion, coercion and blockade over the next three decades, Balfour eschews the "Great Man" approach to history. He places the revolutionary leader firmly in his historical context, showing, for example, how the success of Castro's Sierra Maestra guerrilla campaign, which eventually led to the overthrow of the Batista regime, owed far more to the objective conditions of the local peasantry than to the subjective triumph of the will vaunted by Fidel. It is a pity that the constraints of the "Profiles in Power" series, to which this book belongs, have not allowed Balfour to explore the development of Castro's personality and the way in which it has shaped his politics.

To equate Castro with the former communist rulers of eastern Europe or "dictators" elsewhere, as is commonly done, is mistaken. His continued popularity is due in large measure to his extraordinary accessibility, whether expressed through his restless roaming of the island (when he is perpetually buttonholed), or through his constant flow of speeches (which averaged one every four days between 1959 and 1989). Castro's willingness to recognise his mistakes and his efforts to rectify them only enhance his popularity. His standing among the Cuban people is further heightened by his austere lifestyle and his exertions in the name of the revolution. Above all, his popularity is due to the fact that he symbolises a long-cherished hope of national liberation and social justice.

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Yet for all his integrity and self-sacrifice, Fidel Castro, by presenting himself as at once the defender and the critic of the revolution, has undoubtedly identified the regime to an unhealthy extent with his own person. The belief that only the loyal leaders of the revolution can be entrusted to guide it, and the conviction that the conditions of siege and scarcity imposed by the United States have left no room for western-style democracy, have encouraged Castro in his authoritarian leanings. Balfour could have dealt more fully with the regime's cultural censorship, which has produced an appallingly subservient press and the mass exodus of Cuba's writers and intellectuals, and its political regimentation.

Still, the remarkable nature of Fidel Castro's achievement should not be underestimated. On the domestic level, he has overseen the creation of an all-embracing and well-resourced welfare state. On an international level, he has not just striven to establish Cuba's independence from the superpowers, but he has also played a conspicuous part in east-west relations, the war in Angola and Ethiopia, third world debt, the north-south divide and the conflict in central America. Indeed, his resourcefulness, rhetoric and flamboyant style have secured Cuba an importance out of all proportion to its size and economic weight. Sebastian Balfour's outstandingly succinct and clear-sighted study does justice to the complexity and shifts of Castro's career, as well as making a much-needed contribution to the historiography of his subject.

Reason, freedom and equality

POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY: VOL 1, RIGHTS—THE NEW QUARREL BETWEEN THE ANCIENTS AND THE MODERNS
Luc Ferry (translated by Franklin Philip)
University of Chicago Press £16.75
FRENCH PHILOSOPHY OF THE SIXTIES: AN ESSAY ON ANTIHUMANISM
Luc Ferry and Alain Renaut (translated by Mary Schnackenberg Cattani)
University of Massachusetts Press
£9.60 paperback/£23.70 hardback
HEIDEGGER AND MODERNITY
Luc Ferry and Alain Renaut (translated by Franklin Philip)
University of Chicago Press £13.50

Stephen Howe

Our tendency to trade in national stereotypes about other Europeans goes far wider than the grotesque pronouncements on the German character of Nicholas Ridley or Charles Powell. It seems to extend even to intellectual fashions, and to publishers' choices of which European thinkers to market here. Thus we see the French as frivolous, paradoxical, superficial creatures of whim, prone to bursts of immoderate enthusiasm. Even French philosophy is forced to fit the bill. The more fashion-conscious British academic publishers and university departments have successively espoused a series of French writers who could be said to fit at least parts of the stereotype—Althusser and Foucault, Derrida and Barthes—before settling on the one man who perfectly fulfils all their absurd expectations: that gaudily painted bag of wind, Jean Baudrillard.

The result is that we get a picture of French intellectual life which is not only distorted, but caricatured. If English academic philosophers are told that the serious alternative to their insular practices is a twit like Baudrillard they're likely to carry on thinking that the only good European philosopher is a dead one. And French thinkers who are unfashionable enough to argue lucidly, to be political liberals, to place themselves in an Enlightenment humanist tradition, to resist the siren calls of Nietzsche and Heidegger and eschew postmodernism and deconstruction, risk being utterly ignored. They won't find British publishers, but will come to us only through American university presses. While Baudrillard pops up all over Channel 4 and the *Face*, a Luc Ferry or Alain Renaut will be read only by academic political philosophers.

This is more than a pity, for Ferry and Renaut are not only very good but immensely important. As the intellectual appeal of Marxism has

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receded across Europe, the central battle of ideas has increasingly become that between humanists and antihumanists, rationalists and irrationalists, believers in Enlightenment notions of modernity—with their corollaries in political democracy and human rights—and those who despise such beliefs. The most influential modern French thinkers have lined up with the antihumanist camp. Ferry and Renaut are perhaps the most powerful French voices on the other side, equivalents to Jürgen Habermas in Germany. (If there is a British counterpart, it is perhaps the late Raymond Williams.)

These are not always immediately accessible texts. Ferry and Renaut value, and usually practise, the clarity which a liberal politics and an allegiance to communicative rationality demand. Yet much of the discussion in these three books revolves around thinkers of relentless obscurity. It is hard to think of any philosophers more hermetic, more impenetrable than Fichte, the subject of the second half of *Rights*; or than the figure who dominates alternately the foreground and backdrop of all three, Martin Heidegger.

Ferry and Renaut identify with a tradition of thought deriving from Kant and Fichte, through the Marburg and Frankfurt schools, to Habermas, Raymond Aron and Karl Popper. Only this "criticist" problematic, they argue, allows a critique of metaphysics and historicism which does not entail abandonment of the values of reason, freedom and equality.

French Philosophy, the longest of the three books, comprehensively damns all the dominant French philosophical currents since 1968 for rejecting those values. Theirs isn't always a wholly fair-minded attack: the treatment of Foucault and Bourdieu is sometimes merely abusive. But it's always acute, sometimes even wickedly funny; and it is surely right in seeing in the most modern French antihumanism merely a replay of earlier German irrationalist themes.

The two shorter texts engage these more directly, confronting maybe the two greatest contemporary critics of modernity: Heidegger himself and the German-American theorist, Leo Strauss. Strauss is in every way a more sympathetic figure than Heidegger, even if also a lesser thinker—starting with the fact of his being a refugee from, rather than an enthusiast for, Nazism. He gets, in Ferry's *Rights*, correspondingly more sympathetic treatment.

In Britain, Leo Strauss is a pretty obscure figure despite his US reputation. Heidegger's influence is greater; but in these islands he is only just beginning to be what Hannah Arendt long ago called him for the German-speaking world, the "secret king of thought". Indeed, arguing with his ghost may prove to be as politically crucial for the 1990s as interrogating Lenin's shade has been in the eighties. In France he already has that kind of status.

The debate over his legacy, though, has been pretty one-sided. The best known attack, Victor Farias's *Heidegger and Nazism*, is a shoddy piece of work. Heidegger's French defenders have been far keener minds, and have written far better books, than his detractors. Philippe Lacoue-Labarthe and Jacques Derrida have produced *tours de force* on the Heideggerian side. Ferry and Renaut's work is the first product of the opposition to attain the same intellectual level.

Ferry and Renaut are fighting on two fronts: against nostalgia for classical ideas of freedom which deny equality and scorn modernity; and against the weightless indeterminacy of the "postmoderns", which results in a similar jettisoning of reason and rights. The liberal and middle ground they thus occupy may be a bit thin on radical chic; but we've probably had quite enough of that from Paris recently anyway. If much modern French thought has merely copied German irrationalist themes, what should we say of those in Britain who today borrow from the borrowers, reproducing the same trivial and inhuman ideas at third hand? Dogs have fleas, and fleas have smaller fleas to bite 'em!

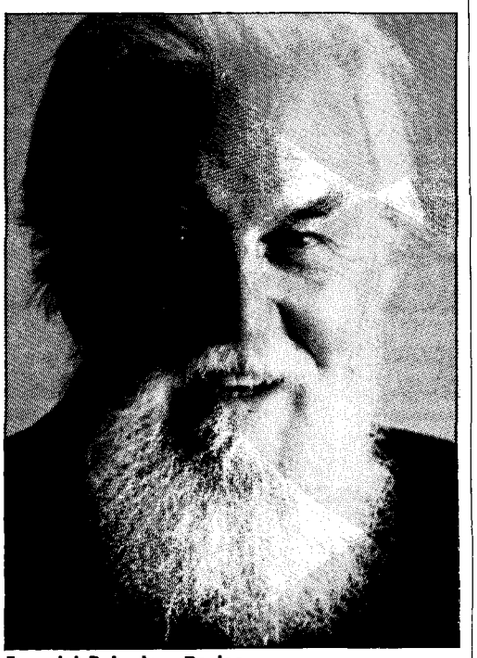
Acts of piety

PATRICK WHITE SPEAKS
Paul Brennan and Christine Flynn (editors)
Jonathan Cape £12.95
THE ENTHUSIASMS OF ROBERTSON DAVIES
Judith Skelton Grant (editor)
Viking £14.95

Sean French

Since collections of essays and speeches are notoriously poor sellers, their publication is generally an act of piety by publishers to distinguished authors on their lists. Furthermore, there is no particular reason why a major novelist—even a deserved Nobel prizewinner like White—should be a good essayist or polemicist.

There is a touching human story behind the speeches in *Patrick White Speaks*, as he discovers himself both as an Australian and a political being. White was in his sixties when he gave his first speech on a public issue—it concerned a proposal by the New South Wales government to build Olympic venues over Australia's oldest parkland (White's own house would have been knocked down in the process).



Fogeyish Robertson Davies

As Australia's greatest living author, White became increasingly in demand as a commentator on controversies and he clearly came to see himself as a spokesman on behalf of a certain conception of Australia: aboriginal, socialist, nuclear-free, republican, severed from the Commonwealth (he is splendidly hostile to the royal family's regular pantomimic descents on the colony).

But the speeches are largely symbolic. They are important because Patrick White gave them. Many of them must have been enormously impressive and moving when they were delivered but White is not a great rhetorician and frankly most of them are dull on the page.

I don't know of a more entertaining novelist writing today than Robertson Davies, and since his books are crammed with recondite learning one expects a good deal of his essays.

Disappointingly, this is for the most part an absolutely run-of-the-mill collection of reviews contributed mainly to Canadian newspapers and magazines. The title aptly suggests the style. Davies is positive to the point of being dangerously undiscriminating. His review of John Fowles's dismal *Mantissa*, for example, is written in a ghastly, almost parodic old bufferish style ("There is little here to give comfort to academic devotees of the latest fashions in the novel, or to the earnest proponents of women's lib"—and this was written in 1982). Davies's highly favourable review of John Irving's *Hotel New Hampshire* is interesting only because it is clear that the author secretly loathes the book.

These reviews will appeal to readers who miss the rotund, after-dinner style of Edwardian critics like Quiller-Couch. Here is Davies cranking up a review with a characteristic splutter: "Joyce Cary is not a fashionable novelist. He is not in any particular 'movement' and he does not build his novels upon any of the fashionable philosophies of our day."

The more idiosyncratic, eccentric ruminations in the book's final section are much more fun as Davies chunters on about love, book collecting, quotation, haiku and anything else that comes into his head. But even there the tone can cause weariness: "I think of an author as somebody who goes into the marketplace and puts down his rug and says, 'I will tell you a story,' and then he passes the hat. And when he's taken up his collection, he tells his story, and just before the denouement he passes the hat again. If it's worth anything, fine. If not, he ceases to be an author. He does not apply for a Canada Council grant." This manages to be both trite and absurd. Does Davies really believe that as soon as an author writes something that doesn't sell, he should give up writing?

I suspect that most readers will prefer Robertson Davies's fogeyish persona where it belongs, in the novels, where it can be portrayed with irony.

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Divide and rule

Doctors' domination of the NHS has left the hardest questions unasked

Virginia Beardshaw

Last week, the government's health and social care reforms began to unravel, when the transfer of funds from social security board and lodging payments to local authority community care was delayed until after the next election. In one sense, community care reform is simply the poll tax's most obvious victim so far. In another, the delay was just another snarl-up in the government's attempts to rework British social welfare systems.

Throughout the 1980s the government has grappled with one of advanced societies' most intractable problems: how to organise and fund services for people who are injured, ill or disabled without putting public expenditure through the roof. For most of the decade, better management was the approved prescription. Sir Roy Griffiths brought his retailing acumen to bear on the welfare bureaucracies of the NHS and community care in an effort to boost efficiency and cut costs. Consensus management was out, along with many of the other cosy compromises of the 1970s. A public sector cousin of enterprise culture was born in the health service, bringing with it a modish new vocabulary: "performance indicators", "contracting out", "performance related pay", and at least seven assorted euphemisms for "cuts".

Nevertheless, public spending on health went on growing, though not fast enough to meet the increase in care required by an ageing population or the ever-escalating costs of medical technology and innovation. By 1987-88, the gap between what was spent, and what was required to cope with these changes reached £390 million. The shortfall—and the related "efficiency trap", whereby health authorities that treat more patients generate more costs and exceed their budgets—led to ward closures, longer waiting lists and, in time, to the NHS funding crisis of the autumn of 1987. This triggered Mrs Thatcher's review of the NHS and *Working for Patients*—now the NHS and Community Care Act 1990.

As a result, the mantras of competition and the market have been added to Sir Roy's managerial ones, along with a bill for an estimated £400 million in start-up costs for the information systems required to track patients and price services. There is also the promise of greatly increased administrative costs to come.

As every reader will know, these changes are being brought in to the accompaniment of an extraordinary *Sturm und Drang* of protest. They have forged a number of unusual alliances, most notably between the BMA and the Labour Party.

Yet, despite the price they are likely to exact at the next election, there is a curious hollowness to the reforms themselves. For all the genuflections towards market forces, they fail to meet the required standard of ideological purity for the Tory right, since they retain the NHS's tax-based funding and its central principle of universal free access. A thicket of controls is already growing up around the internal market, and well before the first NHS Trust hospitals have opted out it is clear that their freedom to manoeuvre in capital markets will be severely limited.

All the managerial activity of recent years has been rudderless. The centre has failed to give the right steer

More importantly, the government's preoccupation with imposing marketplace ideologies on British welfare systems has meant that they have failed to address the health service's most central problems—or even to recognise what these are. Since this blind spot is largely shared by many of the NHS's most passionate advocates, it is important to spell out exactly what this means.

In spite of its obsession with value-for-money, the government has dodged the central cost-effectiveness question for the health service. This is: what difference does the NHS—and the £26 billion of public money it spends—make to the nation's health?

There are, of course, no easy answers, but what we do know suggests that it is a very timely question to ask. For all of its 42-year history, the NHS has been driven by the priorities, values and beliefs of health-care providers, most notably the medical profession. This has meant an emphasis on technological innovation within ever-narrower clinical specialities and sub-specialities which—if taken to their logical conclusion—look set to divide up the body cell by cell, to the detriment of any attempt at holistic care.

It has meant a focus on treatment rather than prevention, and on the clinically interesting case at the expense—sometimes—of humdrum but effective work like hip replacements. Above all, it has meant a stress on inputs and process in health care rather than on the effect of this activity on health status.

Managers past and present have let this go unchallenged. As a result, growth—and planning—has been based on the kind of historic incrementalism that takes the beneficial effect of existing priorities for granted, and only rarely seeks to make adjustments. Because of this, new-style NHS managers have simply concentrated on pruning and trimming, without questioning the overall pattern of health services.

In other words, all the managerial activity of recent years has been rudderless. The centre has failed to give the NHS the right kind of strategic steer. Things are unlikely to change in most places, now that the service as a whole is obsessed with the implementation of reform.

There is a great irony in this, since the purchaser/provider split which is the centrepiece of the reforms has real potential for directing health spending into different priorities. But since purchasers in most places lack any kind of strategic direction, they are certain to continue with the old order. The one exception might prove to be Wales. There, an ambitious initiative by the Welsh Office looks set to direct health services planning and purchasing around the idea of achieving "health gain". This concept, with others aimed at concentrating purchasing on services which are "people-centred" and cost-effective, will be used as a means of directing the NHS in Wales to "take the people of Wales into the 21st century with a level of health on course to compare with the best in Europe".

There is a long way to go. Welsh heart-disease rates, for example, are among the highest in the world. But this attempt to move beyond provider-determined health agendas is an exciting departure from the finance-oriented debates in the rest of the UK. Can we expect efforts to redirect the NHS in Scotland, England and Northern Ireland, or will Wales—as so often in UK health policy—go it alone?

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ASSISTANT GENERAL SECRETARY

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A vacancy has arisen for an assistant general secretary (one of two) in our small, busy staff team. The post includes joint responsibility with the General Secretary for national negotiations on salaries and conditions of service, the support and development of branch officers in local conditions negotiations and the representation of members in grievance and disciplinary matters. Current national negotiations include claims on improved parental conditions, child care provision and payment for unsocial hours working. At a local level branches are actively engaged in negotiating equal opportunities policies including those which prevent discrimination on the grounds of race, gender, sexual orientation or disability.

The successful applicant will have experience and knowledge of employee/employer negotiations, the ability to represent individual members and the skills to assist branches to develop local representation. A commitment to the development of equal opportunities within these areas of activity is essential. She/he will be the third member of the senior saff group and will deputise for the General Secretary in his absence. The post, which is subject to an annual performance review, requires a flexible approach to working contracted hours and a willingness to travel outside London (which can sometimes include overnight stays).

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(Editorial)

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Society of Telecom Executives

The Society of Telecom Executives, a trade union representing managerial and professional staff in the telecommunications industry, requires an Executive Assistant, reporting to the General Secretary, to carry out day-to-day editorial work on the union's journal and other publications. This entails liaison with designers and printers as well as writing, commissioning and scheduling articles and checking proofs.

The successful candidate will have a high standard of written English, and good coordinating skills. Previous relevant experience, preferably in the production of a specialist journal, is essential, as is experience in or sympathy with the Trade Union movement.

The current salary range linked to BT pay scales is £14,793 to £19,464 plus £960 outer London weighting. There is entitlement to a contributory pension scheme. Annual leave entitlement starts at 23 days' rising to 30 days with length of service, plus 2½ privilege days.

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Administrative Officer

STE
Society of Telecom Executives

The Society of Telecom Executives, a trade union representing managerial and professional staff in the telecommunications industry, requires an Administrative Officer to manage the union's computer system and computerised membership records and to administer the union's services to members. The AO will also be responsible for organising the STE's conferences and ballots and elections, and other matters relating to the smooth running of the union. The AO reports to a Committee of the Executive Council.

The successful candidate will be able to demonstrate previous administrative experience particularly in computing management, and experience in or sympathy with the Trade Union movement. The applicant should have a good standard of education, probably to graduate level.

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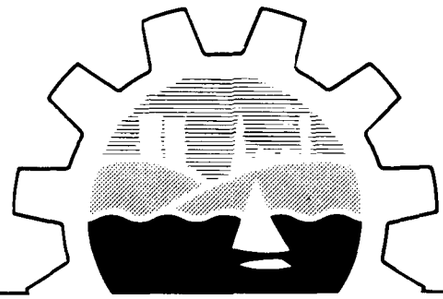

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(Ref: SS 933)

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nucps
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The salary scale is £14,944, £15,669, £16,394, £17,119, £17,842, plus inner London Weighting of £1,750 (pro rata for the half-time post).

Applications for the full-time post will be welcomed from those interested in full-time work, part-time work, or job-sharing.

Applications and CVs should be sent to the Personnel Manager, NUCPS, 124 Southwark Street, London SE1 OTU, to arrive not later than 13th August, 1990.

Please give a daytime telephone number if possible.

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For further information and a copy of job description contact: **Lilian Beattie, Organising Officer, NUCPS, (telephone 071-928 9671). Applications and CV should be sent to the Personnel Manager, NUCPS, 124/130 Southwark Street, London SE1 OTU to arrive not later than 13th August, 1990.**

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MUCH TRAVELLED C. ENG. now interested in adult education, seeks n/s female companion, similar interests, politics, music, sport, keeping fit and healthy. Please write Box (27) 335.

HAPPY, INDEPENDENT LADY, tall, slim, warm, attractive, professional, graduate seeks male counterpart, 48-58, to share friends, books, travel, quality time together. Within 30 miles Leicester. Please reply to Box (27) 334.

REGRET NOT WASTED YEARS, the light ahead is bright. *Engineer/educationist, mature inquiring* mind, seeks similar mate; with, without or wanting family. Age immaterial if spirit young. Box (24) 300.

ENGINEER/SCIENTIST 52, 5'8" short, of decent liberal outlook, divorced, bit overworked, introvert, seeking Europhile brunette, 45+, life sciences/academic, for love, trust and (eventually) conventional responsibility. A self reliant caring father (son 15, Grmr sch. Surrey) interested in classical music, european travel, Sir Joseph Banks and Jim Corbett's country: No arty folks please but Michelle Palin OK. Please write to Box (26) 318.

MAN (61) warm hearted, intelligent, imaginative, attractive - seeks a sensual, slim or medium-build woman, any circumstance, for pleasurable stimulating friendship. Please write to Box (26) 321.

PLAYWRIGHT: talented, late developer (almost posthumous.) Educated cockney. Passions: writing, love/lust, sun, music, teaching adults. Seeks woman with own passions. Box (26) 322.

IDEALIST, DIVORCED MAN, FORTIES. Unready for commitment seeks happy sexual relationship with bright, lusty woman. London/South, wherever you like. Box (28) 345.

PROFESSIONAL, MIDLANDS MALE. Healthy, fairly wealthy, and becoming wiser, humorously inclined but tied in relationship sadly lacking some essentials, hopes to arrange mutual escape with sufficiently adventurous female counterpart. All letters gratefully received and acknowledged. Box (28) 350.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN (MID 30s) likes warm bars, cold drinks, jazz and cricket, seeks man 30-45 for adventures, cinema, theatre, eating out, travel etc. Have car? So travel! (West Midlands) Please reply to Box (28) 348.

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THATCHED HOUSE-SHARE OFFERED. Rural Kent. Victoria 35 mins. Independence and compatibility sought. Box (29)

Appeals

SOIL EROSION RESEARCH ANNOUNCEMENT Highly innovative black research student (Cranfield Institute of Technology) with British background seeks assistance towards fees for 2nd and 3rd years of doctorate research into soil erosion (of special relevance to road transportation and also applicable to agricultue in tropical climate). Has been refused assistance from SERC despite having M.Sc degree, four years' work experience in West Africa and good references from tutors. Applied research likely to lead to savings of natural and economic resources in the Third World and make important contribution to efforts to conserve the earth's most basic non-renewable natural resource. Assistance welcomed from ethical businesses, trusts, philanthropists. For details and references, please contact: E. C. Kamalu, 48 Lealand Road, London, N15 4RU.

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VOLUNTEER NOTICE BOARD is a free service provided by New Statesman & Society with financial assistance from Thames Television's Help programme. Interested organisations are invited to send their copy (approximately 45 words) to Dawn King at New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ by Friday preceding publication date. Please note this service is for recruiting volunteers only. If you have salaried vacancies contact the Classified Department on 071-739-1645.

THERE ARE STILL A FEW places left on our projects in July and August to work in a group with others from the UK and overseas. Our projects run from 1 to 3 weeks all over Britain on playschemes, manual work, social needs etc. Contact Quaker International Social Projects on 071-387 3601 ext 255 for details.

A VOLUNTEER IS REQUIRED (Sutton Coldfield, W. Midlands). Fit girl with caring personality to assist spinal cord injured young lady solicitor dependent on a wheelchair. Duties – personal care eg. help washing, dressing, toileting, getting-up/going to bed. Some cooking and general help. Experience not essential. Free accom. and living expenses of £40.50p p/w. Live in own room. Hours to be agreed with other volunteer working on a shift system. Placement 4-6 months + starting September. For further details and a full profile contact 021-354 8646.

SAVE THE CHILDREN: Wessex Walks Committee are seeking three enthusiastic walkers to undertake major review of walk routes to the cathedral cities of Wells, Salisbury and Winchester. Each year, 5500 children and adults raise over £100,000 for Save The Children through sponsorship, walking 24 routes into these cities. The routes need to be rewalked and route sheets updated. Contact David Davies, Higher Hannaford, Poundsgate, Newton Abbot, TQ13 7NX. Tel: 03643 411.

ST BOTOLPH'S CRYPT Centre for Single People in Housing Need requires volunteers now to help with our evening centre Mon – Thur evenings 6 - 8 pm. Contact Lucy Firth or Daly Maxwell for further details.

CHILDREN'S CAMP: We need volunteers aged 18 yrs + to help run a camp for 'highly strung' inner city children aged 13 - 16 years, from 24th to 31st August, 1990. For more details and an application form, write to: Mr R F Mills, Fern Street Settlement, Fern St, London E3 3PS.

INDEPENDENT LIVING Alternatives promotes independence for people disabled in the form of a volunteer partnership. Volunteers provide physical support in return for free board and lodgings + £40 p/w. We urgently need initiative, contact us at: Independent Living Alternatives, Fulton Hse, Fulton Rd, Empire Way, Wembley, Middlesex, HA9 OTF. 081 902 8998 ext 270.

FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION: Article 19, the International Campaign Against Censorship, is looking for bright, enthusiastic volunteers to help in our busy campaigns/publicity department. An excellent opportunity to become involved in important campaigns on a number of countries worldwide. Day and evening work. Based near London Bridge. Travel and meal allowance provided. Call Helen Darbishire on 071-403 4822.

BONDWAY NIGHTSHELTER, an emergency provision for homeless men, requires volunteers (aged 18-30) to work for approximately six months. An allowance and accommodation provided. We recruit throughout the year, so welcome applications from those wishing to be considered at a later stage. For further details contact please contact: Volunteer Coordinator, PO Box 374, London, SW8 1SJ and enclose S.A.E.

THAMES **HELP**

Thames Help, presented by Jackie Spreckley, is a four minute local social action programme. It appears four times a week on Thames Televison at 5.55 approximately (check TV Times for details). Here is a summary of this week's programmes.

This week on THAMES HELP, in conjunction with Kids' Clubs Network, we will be looking at out of school provision for 5-12 year olds with working parents.

MONDAY 30TH JULY 1990 – SHIRLEY

Shirley says that she would find it easier to find a childminder for 2 year old Douglas than to find out of school care for her daughter Davinia, who begins school in September. Until the children were born Shirley worked in an after school project, so now, partly to keep her hand in and partly to keep the kids amused, they go to the local playgroup every day while Shirley considers the childcare problems associated with going back to work.

For more information, write to: Kids' Clubs Network, 279 Whitechapel Road, London E1 1BY. Tel: 071-247 3009.

TUESDAY 31ST JULY 1990 – COMMUNITY ACTION

Brenda Campbell is one of a group of Hounslow parents who got together and approached firstly their children's school and secondly their local Council in order to set up their own after school centre. They now have a 30 space centre and open 5 days a week.

If you're interested in doing the same, write to: Kids' Club Network, 279 Whitechapel Road, London E1 1BY. Tel: 071-247 3009.

WEDNESDAY 1ST AUGUST 1990 – EMPLOYERS

Ealing Borough Council is one of the few that provides after school care for the children of its employees along with providing places for children whose parents do not happen to work for the Borough. Ealing has set up centres throughout the Borough; the fees are minimal and the staff are well trained. We talk to the Council about the benefits to them as employers providing such a scheme.

For more information write to: Kids' Clubs Network, 279 Whitechapel Road, London E1 1BY. Tel: 071-247 3009.

THURSDAY 2ND AUGUST 1990 – KIDS' CLUB NETWORK

Kids' Clubs Network is the only national organisation entirely concerned with supporting and promoting out of school care provision. Tess Woodcraft is their Director and she talks about what is needed and what you can do if you live in a Borough that doesn't provide out of school care.

For more information, phone in after the programme on 071-388 8282, or write to the address below.

THAMES TELEVISION

Thames Help, Thames Television PLC, 149 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 9LL. Telephone: 01-387 9494.

CARE IN ACTION Lothlorien (Rokpa Trust). We require caring, hard-working residential volunteers to share their life and experience with people who have mental health problems. We are a small community in a beutiful rural setting in South West Scotland. We have flourishing, organic vegetable gardens, wood lands, workshops and a very relaxed atomosphere. For more details contact: Jane Dewar, Lothlorien, Corsock, Castle Douglas, DG7 3DR.

BLACKLINERS HELPLINE, a helpline, counselling and support service run by volunteers for black people who are HIV positive or have Aids, based in Brixton, south London, really welcomes volunteers from the black and Asian communities to train as helpline and face to face counsellors and buddies. Very worthwhile and stimulating work helping others in the community. If you are interested, call Arnold Gordon on (071) 738 5274 for more information.

THE PARKINSON'S DISEASE Society, through its local branches seeks to help sufferers with the problems arising from the affliction and to provide funding for medical research to find a cure for the disease. Our branches need volunteers to help in this vital work. Contact Rodney Wolfe Coe 081-852 4337

GLASGOW SIMON Community offers time, friendship and supportive group living to long-term homeless women and men, especially regular rough sleepers. We need full-time, live-in volunteers who can stay for at least 6 months, preferably a year. Full board, plus a weekly and a holiday allowance. Contact Chris Lytton, 133 Hill Street, Glasgow, G3 6UB for details. Telephone: 041-332-3448.

FAMILY COURTS SERVICE are looking for volunteers to help run two Saturday Access Centres in South London where divorced or separated parents come to spend time with their children. If you are interested please give us a ring: 081 672 2682/8812.

IF YOU ARE between 16 - 20 years old with some time on your hands this summer, the Belfast/Islington teenage scheme would like to hear from you. Offering sun and adventure in London and in Ireland doing community work for 10 days July and 2 weeks August. Call Mo 071-704 9563 or Jackie 071 281 6930.

WOMEN VOLUNTEERS ARE needed to work with homeless people at our emergency, short-stay hostel based in East London. We need women who can give up some of their time, during the day, to help with the smooth running of the hostel. We are also in need of volunteers to help run a "Women's Drop-In" on Fridays between 11am and 2pm, where we run activities and cook food for the homeless women that use the drop-in. For more information, contact: Jacqueline Spark, Volunteer Coordinator, Providence Row Housing Association, 50 Crispin Street, London E1 6HQ. Phone: 071-247 4030

VOLUNTEER PIANIST needed at Sefton House Home for the Elderly, Burscough, Lancashire. We have a good piano, itching for its ivories to be tickled—can you come and play sing-a-long songs for us once a week—once a month? All expenses paid. Interested? Ring Barbara Evangelista at Sefton House, Burscough (0704) 892203, or Barbara McLaren (0772) 264199.

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Fleur Adcock's translation of poems by the Romanian Grete Tartler, *Orient Express*, was published last year. **Ian Breakwell** is an artist and writer. His book, *Seeing in the Dark*, co-edited with Paul Hammond, will be published in September. **Peter Campbell** is a designer and freelance journalist. **Alexander Cockburn** is co-author of *The Fate of the Forest*. **Stuart Cosgrove** is an independent TV producer. **Anthony Douglas** is an area manager for Newham Social Services. **Helena Kennedy** is a barrister and a member of *Charter 88*'s council. **John Lyttle** is a TV listings editor at the *Independent*. **Adewale Maja-Pearce** is a journalist and essayist. He works as the Africa editor for *Index on Censorship*. His most recent book *How Many Miles to Babylon* is published by Heinemann. **David Marquand** is Professor of Politics at Salford University and the author of *The Unprincipled Society*. **Lucasta Miller** is a freelance writer and journalist. **Malachi O'Doherty** works for the BBC in Belfast. **Roy Porter**'s latest book *The Enlightenment* is published by Macmillan. **Nicholas Richardson** is a former academic and a critic. **Paul Schatzberger** works for Sheffield Health Authority. **Raman Selden** is Professor of English at Sunderland Polytechnic. **Nigel Townson** is a historian who is editing a book on 19th- and 20th-century Spanish history. He also works on historical documentaries.

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ENDGAMES

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 3135 Set by George Cowley
Sonnets ending in the sentence (from an *NSS* editorial): "All new dawns end in boring afternoons."

Report by Tiny Tim
Before I come to the judging, I have an important announcement to make. If you look at comp 3101 you will see that I reported that: "Ms de Meaner and I are launching a counter plan for the Complex to buy a controlling interest in the rest of the magazine." I can now tell you that this week the Complex signed a deal that secures it the largest single shareholding in *NSS*; and is within an ace of achieving overall control. No immediate changes are envisaged, although that bald man with the spectacles and vague manner will have to be redeployed, I rather fancy. Redundancy obligations will be honoured, once renegotiated.

As for this week's rather *Spectator*-ish comp: a good effort all round, and difficult to judge. Several of you attempted a footballing theme, having noticed that "afternoons" rhymes with "Cameroons", but none of the results were up to scratch. £12 per winner.

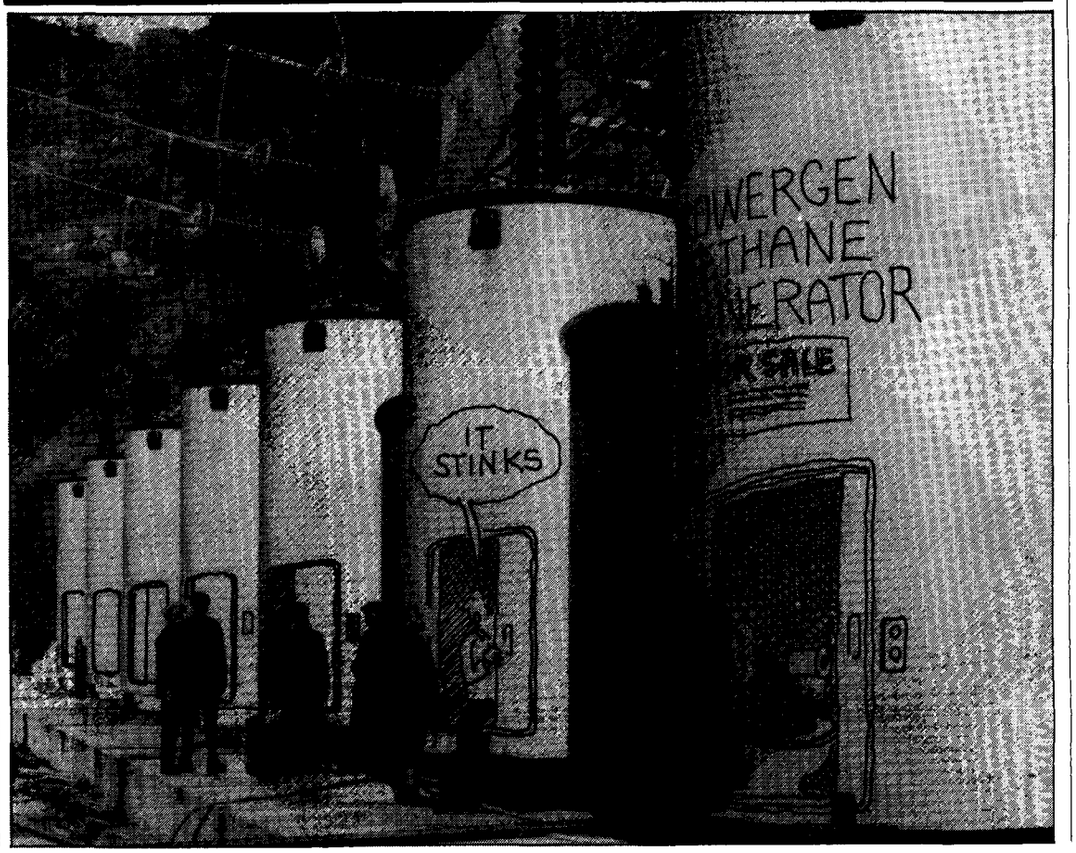
A breathless phone call—"Joe? Can't come today.
At two o'clock there's this big protest march..."
He doesn't argue, but his eyebrows arch—
She'd rather make a fuss than make some hay?
For months she's needed something after lunch
On Wednesdays that'll make her eyes ignite.
Will politics now make them burn more bright?
Well, if so, it won't last—or that's his hunch.
To him, all politics are dull as prunes,
But why get narky at this lefty biz?
A little time'll take away its fizz;
Nice people soon grow sick of martial tunes.
So let her march and shout. His comfort is
All new dawns end in boring afternoons.

George Simmers

Gem-bright the morning starts with Diamond smile
Outshining dew upon the garden lawn,
The doormat flattening beneath a pile
Of newsprint as the headlines kill a yawn.
The sizzling of bacon in a pan,
The friendly spit of eggs (your Sunday treat)
Awaken senses, as you feel you can
Take on the world and knock it off its feet.
But after Sunday lunch the rot sets in,
Replete with Yorkshire pudding and roast beef
EastEnders on the box, as you begin
To wish for Monday morning for relief
From dullness, as old Harry Secombe croons.
All new dawns end in boring afternoons.

Katie Mallett

GRAFFITI BY PAIGE



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Then was the winter of her discontent
Banished by Mammon's fiery, rising *Sun*:
His chosen daughter, seizing government,
Left honour, truth and justice all undone.
To them that had, was given more and more:
From them that had not, ever more was taken.
Freedom, a flame, extinguished for the poor,
Made free the power of Right to rule unshaken.
The panacea, proclaimed so long ago,
Now stands revealed: a charlatan's deceit.
A battered nation breathes "For God's sake go!"
Too tired to snatch a victory from defeat—
The nation yawns: it wearies of buffoons,
All new dawns end in boring afternoons.

Jenny Ogilvie

It used to be so simple. Blame the Wall,
That brutish fact, for everything. You name
It: dearth, delinquency, despair; the lame
Economy; those *Stasi* thugs; the pall
Of paralysing apathy. For all
That woe it stood arraigned. The Wall became
The accommodating fall-guy for our shame;
Our wormwood's wellspring; author of our Fall...
But now the Wall has disappeared, we're left,
That first euphoria over, feeling flat
And somehow untransformed. The heady "boons"
Of Market Forces beckon... Yet, bereft
Of what we loved to loathe, we're learning that
All new dawns end in boring afternoons.

Martin Fagg

We drank aperitifs till we were tight.
Throughout the meal, with innuendo play,
I sussed my chances for a randy night
And skilfully I fanned your lustful trait.
With hints of frolics through the coming day,
I topped you up with brandy and liqueurs.
And scorned the notion that the man should pay,
I signed the cheque, then said, "My place or yours?"
But, oh you wimp! (take heed you would-be-wooers)
Back at my flat, beneath my duvet cover,
You were afflicted by a dose of "brewers"
And useless as my schemed-for weekend lover.
So much for plans that end like burst balloons.
All new dawns end in boring afternoons.

Catherine Benson

The era of sweet sentiment is past,
The lyricist has long-since had his day,
While gibberish, recorded at full blast,
Appears to be the order of the day.
The "Golden Oldies" custom-made to last,
The tunes we hummed and whistled yesterday
Are far outnumbered now—but not outclassed—
Inconsequential phrases holding sway.
But once in every while the penny drops,
The classics find themselves in great demand
And Mozart and Puccini top the pops
And Gershwin or Cole Porter take the stand;
Then back we turn to tripe and tinpot tunes,
All new dawns end in boring afternoons.

J J Webster

No 3138 Set by P S Burton

Dr Henry Kissinger has made a surprising appearance as a football reporter for the *Sunday Correspondent*. Could we have match reports as written by Winston Churchill, Charles de Gaulle, Adolf Hitler, Eva Peron, Leon Trotsky, or any other belligerent statesperson of the 20th century. 200 words maximum, by 9 August.

CHESS

So who made it through the interzonal stage of the world championship? The 11 qualifiers were (with scores out of 13): 1-2. Gelfand and Ivanchuk (both USSR) 9; 3-4. Anand (India) and Short (England) 8½; 5-11. Hubner (Germany), Korchnoi (Switzerland), Nikolic (Yugoslavia), Sax (Hungary), Dolmatov, Dreyev, and Yudasin (all 3 USSR) 8. Incidentally, the venue was not Baguio (as previously announced in my last column), but Manila. With 64 players competing on the Swiss system, maybe the Filipino organisers couldn't fit in such a large field anywhere else.

The first thing that stands out about these results is that the two brilliant young GMs who missed out on qualification to the World Cup, Gelfand and Ivanchuk, showed their true quality this time. Even so, the use of the Swiss system for an important event is questionable. The trouble with Swiss tournaments is that, as in musical chairs, everything depends on when the playing stops. At the start of the final round only Ivanchuk was mathematically certain of securing qualification. Nigel Short forced his way in by beating Mikhail Gurevich. By contrast it was an unlucky thirteenth round for British Champion Michael Adams, who lost against Nikolic in a game that was a must-win situation for both sides. The third English player, Murray Chandler, started in great style by winning against Ivanchuk in the first round. But by the time he lost to Ye of China in the last round he was out of contention.

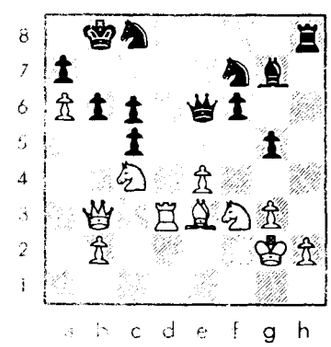
Of all the qualifiers the biggest surprise was Viswanathan Anand, the first Indian player ever to reach the candidates stage. A frequent competitor in British tournaments, he has impressed more with the speed of his play than with its accuracy. When he finished in a tie for 6th to 10th places in the Oakham Young Masters earlier this year, he hardly looked a likely prospect for one of the top places at the interzonal. Although Nigel Short had to fight hard for his place, he was one of the expected qualifiers and the severity with which he dismissed some of his rivals showed his extra class. Here, for example, is how he blighted the chances of the local hero Eugenio Torre:

Short-Torre, Manila 1990. Sicilian Defence. 1 e4 c5 2 Nf3 Nc6 3 d4 cxd4 4 Nxd4 Nf6 5 Nc3 d6 6 Bg5 e6 7 Qd2 a6 8 0-0-0 Bd7 9 f4 b5 10 Bxf6 gxf6 11 Nxc6 Bxc6 12 Qe1 Be7 13 Bd3 Qb6 14 Kb1 h5 15 f5 Qc5 16 Rf1 Kd7 The King looks to be well shielded by infantry here, doesn't he? **17 Rf3 Rag8 18 fxe6+ fxe6 19 Nd5!** A standard Sicilian sacrifice in a new setting. The main line is 19... exd5 20 b4 Qb6 21 exd5 Bb7 (21...Bxd5 loses prettily to 22 Bf5+ Kc6 23 Rxd5 Kxd5 24 Qe4 mate) 22 Qe6+ Ke8 23 Re1, with 24 Rxf6 to follow. The White attack probably wins through in all variations, but what Torre plays is less testing. **Rxg2? 20 b4! Qa7 21 Nxe7 Kxe7 22 Qc3** Double attack on c6 and f6. **Kd7 23 Rxf6 Rh7 24 e5 Rg1 25 Rxg1 Qxg1+ 26 Rf1 Qg2 27 Qd4 Kc7 28 Rg1 1-0.**

Another dominant display with the White pieces contributed to the disappointment of the US's chief hope, Yasser Seirawan: **Short-Seirawan, Manila 1990. Caro-Kann Defence. 1 e4 c6 2 d4 d5 3 e5 Bf5 4 c3 e6 5 Be2 c5 6 Nf3 Nc6 7 0-0 h6 8 Be3 cxd4 9 cxd4 Nge7 10 Nc3 Nc8 11 Rc1 a6 12 Na4 Nb6** Short has wisely avoided all the theoretical lines against a Caro-Kann specialist and is concentrating on simple chess with a spatial advantage. **13 Nc5 Bxc5 14 Rxc5 0-0 15 Qb3 Nd7 16 Rc3 Qb6** Black trades Queens, but he is never going to secure equality unless he can find some way of contesting the c-file. **17 Rfc1 Qxb3 18 Rxb3 Rfb8 19 Nd2 Kf8 20 h4 Ke8 21 g4 Bh7 22 h5 Nd8 23 Rbc3 Nb6 24 Nb3 Na4 25 Rc7! Nxb2** Accepting the pawn lets White have things all his own way on the 7th rank. I think 25...Nc6 had to be tried. **26 Nc5 b5** The crucial tactical point is that 26...Rc8 fails to 27 Nxe6! **27 g5 Nc4 28 gxh6 gxh6 29 Nd7** Threatening Nf6+ as well as the Rook. **Nxe3 30 fxe3 Bf5 31 Kf2!** 31 Nxb8 should win in the long run, but Short finds a quicker way. **Rb7 32 Nf6+ Kf8 33 Rg1 1-0.** It's mate after 33...Rxc7 34 Rg8+ Ke7 35 Re8.

With Speelman spared the trouble of qualifying because he reached the semi-finals of the last series, England has two candidates in this cycle, which is more than any other country apart from the USSR. A Kasparov v Short world title match is still only a distant prospect, but it would be full of good stuff, as these two reserve a special ferocity for their mutual encounters. The diagram position is from **Kasparov-Short, Linares 1990**, with the world champion poised to strike:

28 Nxb6! Qxb3 29 Nd7+ Kc7 30 Rxb3 Kxd7 31 Rb7+ Ke6 32 Bxc5 So far White only has one pawn for his piece, but Black's forces are disorganised and the important a-pawn is falling. **Bf8 33 Nd4+ Ke5 34 Nxc6+ Kxe4 35 Bxa7 Nfd6 36 Rc7 Nxa7 37 Rxa7 Nc4 38 Ra8 Bg7 39 Ra7 Ne3+** On 39...Bc5, with a threat of... Bc5, could Kasparov have avoided a draw by repetition? **40 Kg1 Rg8 41 Re7+ Kd3?** After this there is no holding the a-pawn, so he had to try 41...Kd5. **42 a7 Rc8 43 Kf2!** Not falling into the trap 43 Rxg7 Rxc6 44 a8=Q Rc1+ 45 Kf2 Rf1 mate! **Nd1+ 44 Kf3 g4+ 45 Kxg4 f5+ 46 Kf3 Bxb2 47 Rd7+ Kc2 48 Rd8 1-0.**



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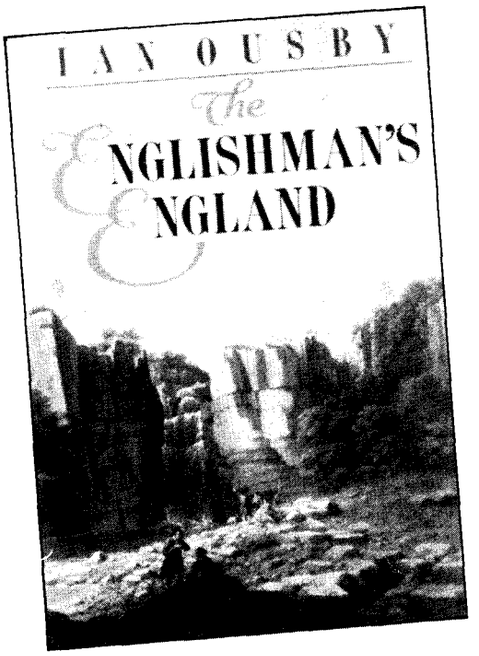

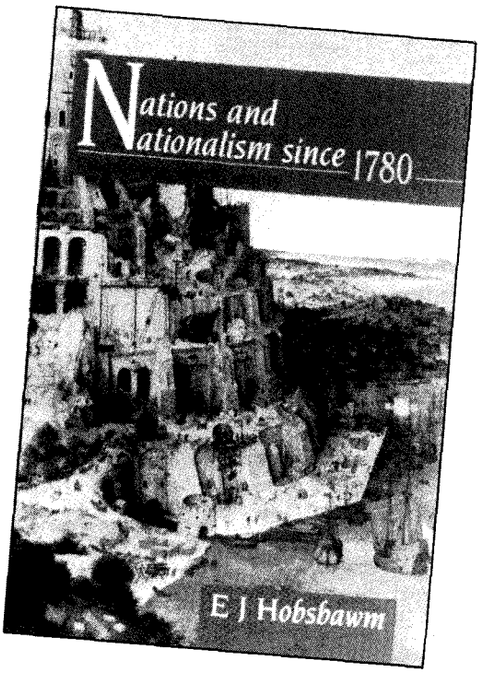

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